

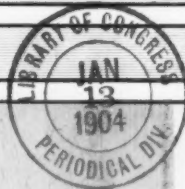
Collier's

DECEMBER

19, 1903

VOL. XXXI NO. 52

PRICE 10 CENTS



The Borderland

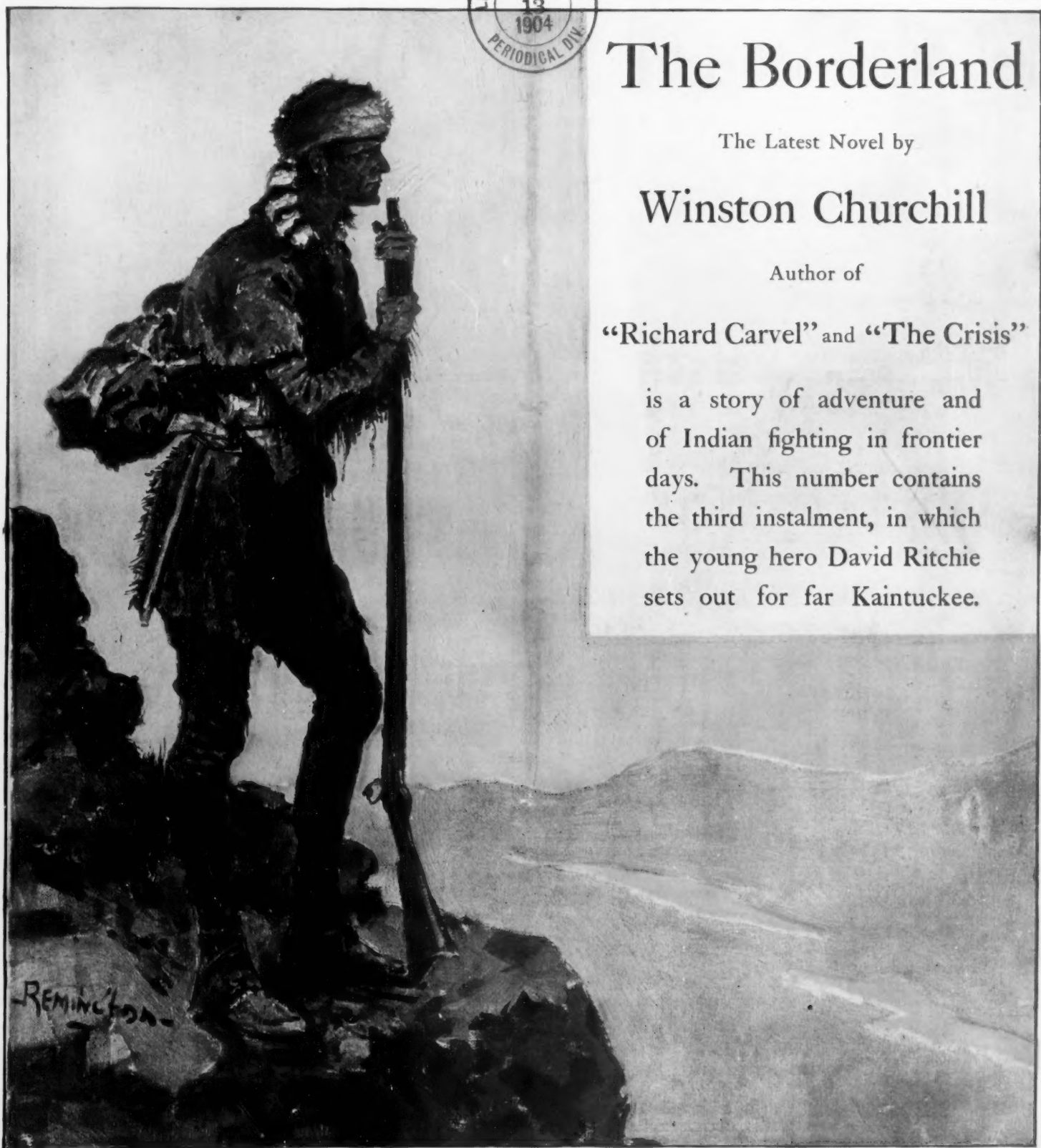
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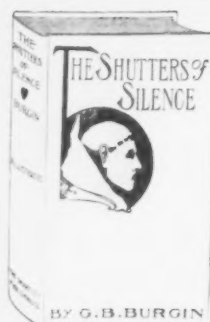
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By ARCHIBALD EYRE

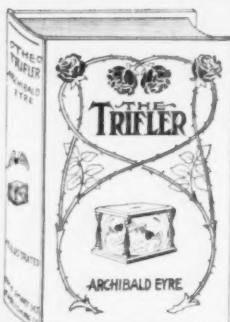
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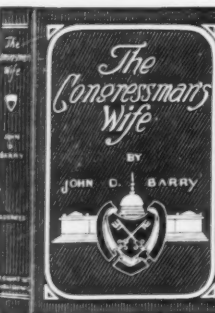


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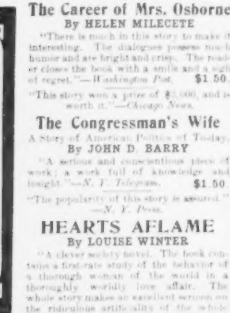
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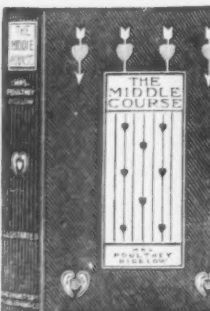
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WINTER MORNING

DRAWN BY HENRY J. PECK



CHRISTMAS IS UPON US. "But cheer up," says the Western enthusiast, "you have been broke before." So cheer up we do, and begin to look about a little. The situation is complicated, and in the whole question of gifts we see the light of certainty only in one place. Nothing is so certain as a prejudice. We, personally, are enthusiastically prejudiced against dolls. With equal energy we are biased in favor of animal companions. What a child experiences with a dog, a rabbit, cat, pony, squirrel, or turtle, chickens, pigeons, turkeys, ducks, or donkey, is real, suggestive, lasting. Toys of most kinds, and especially dolls, altogether lack this natural and valuable experience. They are often necessary to while away the time. The most important thing for a child is happiness, and toys, even dolls, are sometimes the only means to happiness. But when circumstances permit, give the child a living plaything. We can look back now, across the lengthening vale, and see how much of what is most valued in thought and feeling came from some pet horse, dog, or rooster. And while nothing gives a child more normal development than relations with the animal creation, nothing makes it happier. In the mechanical developments of our day, toys have been elaborated and varied in wonderful profusion, and they may have added to the happiness of children, although it is not certain that the sumptuous painted train is superior to the train made of three chairs, or any luxury in toys to the five-cent pail and shovel. Certainly the French doll has no advantages over the baby of rags, and is an example of mere realism without new worth for the imagination. Toys form a starting-point for the imagination. Animals do more than that. They feed it.

ANIMALS
AND DOLLS

SINCERITY IS OF MANY KINDS. It takes much intelligence to tell the truth, however favorable the will. A man can not tell what he believes, unless he knows, and few know. Mr. Carnegie undoubtedly thinks he pities boys who are born rich, but, with all his protestations, we imagine he would leave his sons, if he had any, well supplied with money, as he will undoubtedly leave his daughter. "The child of a millionaire," he says, "can never know the true meaning of a mother and father." That happens not to be true. The child of a millionaire can know the true meaning of a father and a mother if it has the right kind of parents. There is no escaping responsibility behind the screen of wealth. Having money is no excuse for so using it that your children will suffer. Such talk comes dangerously near to hypocrisy of the unconscious sort. Some actors play Tartuffe as a man who believed everything he said, irreconcilable as it was with what he did. We observe the following choice quotation from young Mr. Rockefeller: "Half of the people in the world to-day are on the wrong

WHAT RICH
MEN SAY

scent in pursuit of happiness. They seem to think it consists in having and getting and in being served by others. That is a mistaken idea. It consists in giving and in serving others." Dear, dear, dear, in which half does the Rockefeller family belong? Is Mr. Rockefeller having and getting and being served by others, or is he devoting his life to altruism? What a satisfaction it is, to be sure, when we live for the accumulation of wealth, to talk about unselfishness and poverty. A man like Croker, who says "I work for my own pocket all the time," is a bigger, more honest, and, to that extent, a better man, than one who, like the Rockefellers, wraps cruel and grasping acts in words of pretentious virtue, and "seems a saint when most he plays the devil." Bacon says a bad man is worse when he pretends to be a saint:

"A daw's not reckoned a religious bird
Because it keeps a cawing from a steeple."

Tammany Hall has more virtues than the Standard Oil Company. Perhaps nearly every one of us prefers "a rogue with venison to a saint without," but there are degrees in hypocrisy, and our wealthy preachers to the world at large seem to be seeking the degree superlative.

DIGESTION IS THE FASHION. A person with dyspepsia is not in style. Health is in vogue. Invalidism is not interesting, nor is delicacy in physique. With this admirable neo-Greek spirit arrive many devices, whether fads or science, for producing health, and most of these are connected with digestion. A gospel that is triumphant in some quarters is called Fletcherism. It is

not new. Successful gospels usually are not. Gladstone practiced it habitually. He gave to each mouthful of food a couple of dozen chews. For an impetuous person this is many, but Gladstone was as notable for routine as for inspiration. He could be enthusiastic over each crunch of four-and-twenty. He had energy for great plans and for minute assimilation. The trouble with most of us is that conscientious mastication bores us. We therefore need Mr. Horace Fletcher's crusade. According to him, everybody eats too much. According to some physicians, many people eat too little. Mr. Fletcher's basic principle is that the more you chew the less you need. He advises four or five times the usual number of mastications, which utilizes the food to much better advantage, keeps us from eating out of mere nervousness, and saves both money and vital energy. As both the energy and the money can be used for better purposes, the military department of the United States Government is so much interested in Mr. Fletcher's claims that it has detailed twenty men to give their entire time for several months to investigating these claims by experiment and research. If we save one-third of our food bills the results of the crusade will be momentous. "Suppose," says one physician, "the actual saving in quantity may be estimated at not less than one-half pound per day for each individual, which will amount to a saving for the seventy million people in the United States of more than seventeen thousand tons daily. A ton of flour, one of the cheapest of foods, is worth at the present time about sixty dollars. Seventeen thousand tons of flour would have a value of about \$1,020,000. The saving of this enormous sum daily would in a few years pay off the national debt and be sufficient to provide the comforts of life for every needy person in the country." The reform in such completeness is millennial, but every agitation in this direction will do good. The only drawback is the fact that unconsciousness, gayety, and impulse are good for digestion also, but after a habit is entirely formed, natural spirits may survive even the most unmitigated mastication. Mr. Fletcher also asserts that supremely chewed food is almost free from the fermentations and putrefactions which cause various diseases when they get into the stomach and small intestines, and the skin and lungs are therefore relieved of much excretory work. We might at least give this panacea a trial. Its commenders say we have no idea how much better we shall feel.

THE GOSPEL
OF DIGESTION

WHEN THEY KNOW THE FACTS, the American people will decide impartially upon the case of General Wood. The army has one standard, the Senate another, the people a third. Army sentiment is naturally more opposed to irregular promotion than the public is. The public would be sorry to know that Dr. Wood was hurried to the head of the army because he and Mr. Roosevelt had long ago formed a tacit alliance for each to help the other's ambition, or because Dr. and Mrs. Wood had been pleasant to Mrs. McKinley; but the public would not object seriously, as the army does, to rapid promotion on the really disinterested belief that General Wood was the best man obtainable. The Senate is honeycombed with politics—in this case not only on Democratic and Republican lines, but on lines within the Republican party, with a special bearing on Senator Hanna. If General Wood has accepted presents, the army sentiment will put much more stress upon that breach of military ethics than the people will. If he has conspired against men who stood in the path of his vigorous ambition, that is one phase of the question on which the three divisions of opinion, army, Senatorial, and public, will unite. As the facts are to be known, despite the executive session, we are reasonably sure to have a correct general attitude in the end. Army standards are easily subordinated to political methods in time of peace, when there is no forbidding danger, and the investigation will have accomplished something if it acts merely as a warning.

GENERAL
WOOD

FRANCE USUALLY MANAGES to keep things interesting. The Dreyfus case, which for so long furnished the world with excitement and hilarity, is up again, by that excellent provision of the French law which allows a man wrongly convicted to refuse a pardon and have his innocence judicially established. The conflict between Church and State about the schools still rages merrily. The society of dramatic authors has just furnished one of those minor touches in which Paris is inexhaustible, by deciding that hereafter the makers of parodies must be authorized by the origi-



nal authors. As this society has power to enforce its decrees, the decision is no joke. It is something as if Congress should enact that Weber and Fields, Fay Templeton, Henry Dixey, and Cecilia Loftus should forever refrain from imitating or ridiculing anybody who was not expressly willing, or even that the newspapers should abandon the favorite pastime of their funny men, which consists in burlesquing the speeches of the great. Paris deserves its epithet

PARODY IN FRANCE

of gay, in more senses than the one which startles the holiday provincial. Intellectual life there is various and acute. It ranges from Yvette Guilbert to problems of national existence. It takes all ideas seriously. To American minds, the enactment that parody is illegal without consent of the parodied is as funny as rules of evidence in the Dreyfus case, as seen by Mr. Dooley, but we are sometimes a little envious of the enthusiasm about literary and artistic matters of which this parody promulgation is only one of the absurder manifestations.

FRANCE IN ONE WAY has put herself in a much more satisfactory position of late. From one of her substantial publications, the "Economiste Française," are selected the following allegations: "During the last two years there has been a slight increase in the number of births in France and a consequent increase in the excess of births over deaths. In 1901 the excess was 72,398, and in 1902, 83,944. If this movement should continue, France would gain 780,000 inhabitants every decade, and taking into account the excess of immigration over emigration, we should have an increase of about 1,200,000 souls." Race-suicide in France is a much more serious consideration than it can be with us. The most we can fear is that new elements may fall in quality below the earlier stock. As far as bulk of population goes, the danger is in the opposite direction. New England is the most conspicuous case of this change of quality. Not only

POPULATION IN NEW ENGLAND

is the Anglo-Saxon stock there becoming less productive, but its quality is said to be deteriorating. Ministers find what they deem degeneracy in the records of church attendance. Bribery seems to find in these old commonwealths some of its most receptive fields. The rural districts, once the backbone of the land, are in many places hopelessly decayed. The phenomenon is not, however, entirely one of deterioration. It is not so much that the old New England vigor has run its course as that it has gone after new lands to conquer. It is at work in Illinois, California, and Texas. It is spread throughout the land, leaving upon the farms its less enterprising specimens. If they gradually disappear, giving place to hardy immigrants of date later than the *Mayflower*, we shall not have less Puritan vitality in the nation. Race-suicide is something that present conditions in America make it impossible to lie awake nights about. In order to be quite safe about the quality of our stock, and take no chances, we only need to allow Senator Lodge to pass his bill moderately regulating immigration.

MORAL BLUFF

OUR VIEW OF PANAMA is treated with protest and horror by various and virtuous critics. A New Haven editor calls our judgment gratuitous. Just what that charge means it might be difficult to decide. It costs about eight cents more to procure on the stands than the opinion of the New Haven "Register"—not that we have any desire to boast of expensive judgment. The New Haven journal calls the President a man of singularly honest intent and patriotic impulses. It would hardly refuse those attributes to Secretary Hay. It foams, nevertheless, at our gratuitousness in speaking frankly of his Panama procedure. It even calls us "insolent" and "almost impertinent." Again there is a failure to grasp our contemporary's meaning. Impertinent to what? These grave words should attach themselves to some idea. Also "carelessness." The opinions expressed were the mature convictions of a lifetime. Our friends should scold us for our proper shortcomings, and examine their words in the dictionary. Otherwise they may hurt our feelings. We said that part of the press disapproved of recognizing Panama on moral grounds, from which we differed, and the rest on party grounds, attacking every move, almost without exception, which a Republican Administration makes. Another sheet describes our view as "cynical and half-hearted." To have one paper call us insolent and another half-hearted, pleases us always, as it does to be called Republican by half the press and Democratic by the rest. "In all these years (since we became a na-

tion), up to the incident in Manila Bay, we had managed to keep clear of foreign land-grabs and steals," says the Nashville "News," in a scathing condemnation of our editorial expressions. Such is history. The "foreign" is carelessly inserted, no doubt, to make the Indian's affairs domestic, but it would not be easy to describe Mexico as anything other than a foreign country. There is a type of mind which can not distinguish between cynicism and a clear vision of facts. The habit of saying precisely what you mean on moral topics need not be cynical. It may be only a protest against hypocrisy. And many of the men who act with greatest moral strength are those who are least willing to pose in sanctimonious garb. Abraham Lincoln is a notable instance, and he was well pounded by the Pharisees of his time. We repeat our belief that Mr. Hay would not have lent his name to Mr. Roosevelt's policy with regard to Panama if he had not believed that no real injustice would be done, and we agree with him. In politics as in law, it is admissible to use a technicality in defence of justice where it would be wrong to use a technicality to excuse injustice.

CONDUCT BETWEEN NATIONS is higher than the average conduct between individuals, although not up to the standard of the most conscientious. Our own country gives scope enough for moral indignation, in clear cases, without our needing to be excited over the complicated and difficult case of Panama. Let us turn our wailings toward the Philippines and Cuba, for instance, where there are real wrongs, and where we have the opportunity to do good instead of the evil in which we are at present indulging. We have constructed for the Filipinos a tariff which simply takes money out of their pockets and puts it into ours. That is a good, average case of theft, in morals although not in law. We feel for it the contempt and indignation which refuses to arise over the tenuous technicalities of the Isthmus. The case of Cuba is another pretty tribute to the power of greed. The poor island, helpless, executed for us, perforce, her side of the contract, in return for our promise to perform much less than common decency invited, and instead of performing that little we have postponed and shirked, and all for the groundless jealousy of beet sugar and the desire of a swollen-headed Senate to make trouble for a President who has cut down their perquisites in "graft." "The Golden Rule," as one of our correspondents remarks, "has nothing to do with it. Plain justice is considerably older, and more fundamental." Now suppose, instead of worrying about Central American metaphysics, we turn in and do as much as common honor requires for two weak nations, one of which we have swallowed, while the other we have undertaken to regulate for our benefit—and its own.

INTERNATIONAL MORALITY

THE ARREST OF BOOKSELLERS prominent in Boston reveals a peculiar situation. Boston has an organization called the "Watch and Ward Society," which exercises a severe surveillance over the morals of the community, especially in plays and books. Recently a certain publisher, not well known, advertised an illustrated, unexpurgated edition of the "Decameron." In the wording of the advertisement an appeal was made to depravity. The Watch and Ward Society promptly proceeded against him; he was arrested, and fined \$250 under a drastic law. He appealed, and his attorney protested against the suit on the ground of unjust discrimination, alleging that all other booksellers in Boston were selling the "Decameron." He demanded that they, also, be arrested. The officers of the society accepted his point and proceeded to investigate. They sent their agents, men of middle age, to four bookstores of Boston, and asked BOCCACCIO IN BOSTON for copies of the "Decameron," or the "Heptameron," or "Rabelais." The clerks promptly furnished the copies and were immediately arrested for keeping on sale and circulating indecent literature. The arrest of such men as a salesman in the "Old Corner Bookstore" aroused popular indignation and led to a combination of booksellers for protection. Popular sympathy is generally with the booksellers. The crusade has, of course, stimulated the sale of the "Decameron." Especially has this demand come from the classes which never before heard of the book. The officers of the society are blamed for this boomerang result, and they were evidently in error in allowing themselves to attack the sale of the "Decameron" instead of the methods of one seller. By nobody is judgment more needed than by censors. It is an attribute in which they are usually deficient.



THE THORN RUN DAM OF THE BUTLER WATER COMPANY'S RESERVOIR AT BOYDSTOWN, PA., THE SOURCE OF BUTLER'S POLLUTED WATER SUPPLY



WARD IN THE "CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE HOSPITAL,"—A PRIVATE HOUSE TURNED INTO A HOSPITAL AND MAINTAINED BY THE PEOPLE OF PHILADELPHIA

THE TYPHOID EPIDEMIC AT BUTLER, PA.

WHERE 2,000 CASES OF THE DISEASE HAVE BEEN REPORTED IN A POPULATION OF ABOUT 12,000 (See Page 9).



SEVEN DAYS

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S EVENTS



THE GREATEST BRIDGE IN AMERICA

ONE of the greatest deeds ever wrought in stone and steel is the new East River Bridge, formally opened this week. Beside the interest and admiration excited by the building of the first bridge that linked Brooklyn with Manhattan, this far more imposing climax of engineering genius has passed almost unnoticed, for two reasons.

Weaving these tremendous webs of steel over a mile and a half of river and shore, and swinging the crowded traffic of the greatest city of the land on slender cables around which a man may clasp his arms, are no longer a novelty.

A fifty million dollar tunnel under the Hudson River; a thirty-five million dollar subway driven the length of the narrow strip of a city packed to suffocation;

traffic. The Manhattan approach ends abruptly jammed against a wall of buildings in the slum quarter of the lower East Side, while the conditions at the Brooklyn end are almost as incongruous. It is as far removed from trolley, elevated, and subway facilities as if it were stretched across a quarter-section of Dakota prairie. The bridge can not help the desperate straits of travel in lower Manhattan for many months. It is as if the Navy made a hurrah about putting into commission three five-million dollar battleships without engines, and had made no contracts for their manufacture.

The bridge has been building for nearly seven years, and the needs of traffic have increased by such incredible leaps, that to-day all officials dealing with the problem are still at sea about coupling the new bridge with the systems which will make it something more than a splendid ornament. The greed of warring rapid transit interests, also, has much to do with this singular failure to make useful so costly an improvement when the city clamors for new ways of travel. These corporations hope that the insistent need of relief, as conditions become more unbearable, will make franchise privileges cheaper. Meantime New York suffers amazingly, and risks life and limb twice daily in the crush of the Brooklyn Bridge.

No such congestion of traffic exists as this fight for passage over the one highway between Manhattan and Brooklyn. More than one hundred millions cross each year. In one day of last year, those carried in surface cars numbered 147,660, in trains 140,796, on foot and by the driveways 22,000, making a total of 310,456 persons passing through the Manhattan terminal, a jammed and struggling army as great as the population either of Cincinnati or Pittsburg. Or through a narrow lane, less than one hundred feet wide, pours to and fro, every twenty-four hours, a multitude equal to a procession of every man, woman, and child in St. Paul and Kansas City combined.

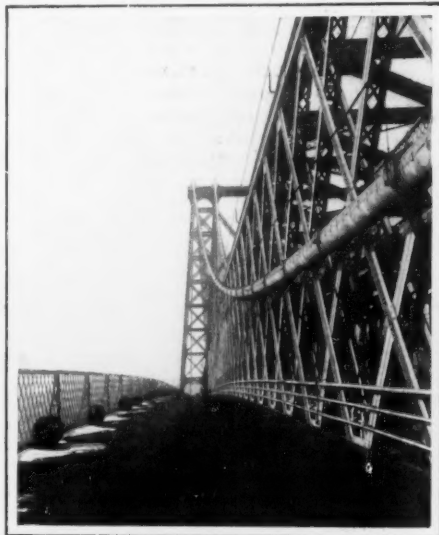
The Brooklyn Bridge was not built for such pressure as this. One of its engineers said recently: "When the old bridge was designed, it was never dreamed that it should be made to bear anything like the present traffic. There was no idea that steam-engines, third rails, and pneumatic tubes would weigh it down. It was calculated that the bridge would support a weight of thirty pounds to the square foot. Nobody dares say what the present strain is. It was expected, also, that it would need to hold no more than the weight of sixteen cable cars on the main span. We have seen that increased tenfold."

The ferries take care of an inconsiderable overflow. Geography is responsible for the crush on the Brooklyn Bridge, combined with an enormous growth of population cramped within narrow limits, and, when it moves, converging to a focal point. Since the old bridge was built, the population of Brooklyn has doubled, from 600,000 to 1,200,000. This rate of increase means that in ten years more the new Williamsburg Bridge, the Manhattan and the Blackwell's Island Bridges, now building, will no more than keep pace with the demands for relief, and that even in the next generation the cry will be, "More bridges and more tunnels."

Manhattan has increased thirty-five per cent of population in one decade, in twenty years has crowded

800,000 additional souls in its confines, until 2,000,000 people fight for foothold on its 14,000 acres. There is no more surface room for living or for going to and fro. Rapid transit, as well as most new building operations, is soaring and burrowing to keep from being crowded into the surrounding rivers.

Manhattan Island suggests the leg of a boot. Humanity en masse has been jammed into the toe of it with a bursting pressure. The first leak was sprung by the old Brooklyn Bridge. Now a second outlet is made by the new Williamsburg Bridge, and the boot will soon be bursting out along the side, in other bridges, far up the territorial leg. Each new skyscraper in the downtown district increases by four, five, or six thousand tenants the daily popula-



The roadway for wagons hangs outside the cables instead of between them, as is the case on the Brooklyn Bridge. This nearly doubles the traffic capacity



The bridge is suspended from the main cables by wire ropes. On the Brooklyn Bridge steel rods were used instead. Many have been broken by the shifting strains

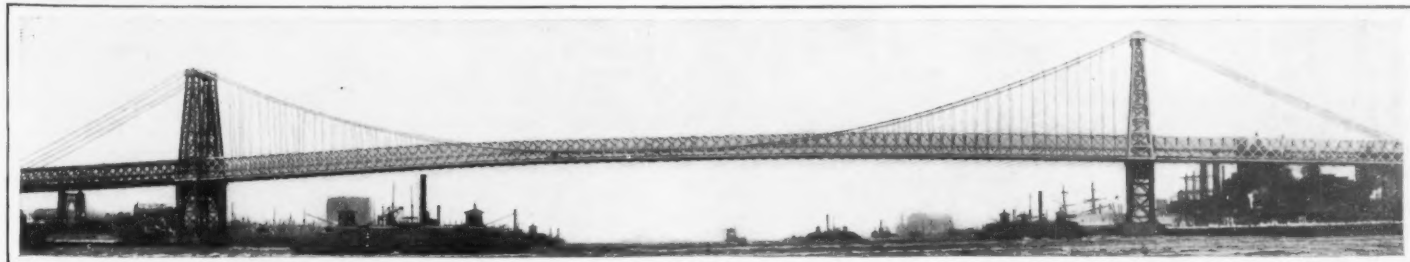
fifty million dollars' worth of new railway terminals; one, two, or three new bridges costing fifteen millions each—these arouse only a flurry of interest in New York. It has no time to turn aside for big things that would mark epochs elsewhere.

These facts do not make the Williamsburg Bridge smaller as a monumental achievement in itself, and as a foremost factor toward the solution of the most difficult problem of transportation in the civilized world. New York will not realize this for some time, although it hailed the first Brooklyn Bridge as the eighth wonder of the world, and bragged about it without ceasing. Now a second bridge is built, and the city is throwing two more across the East River, a series of four highways in air, whose total cost will be nearly seventy-five million dollars, when all are open for traffic in a few years.

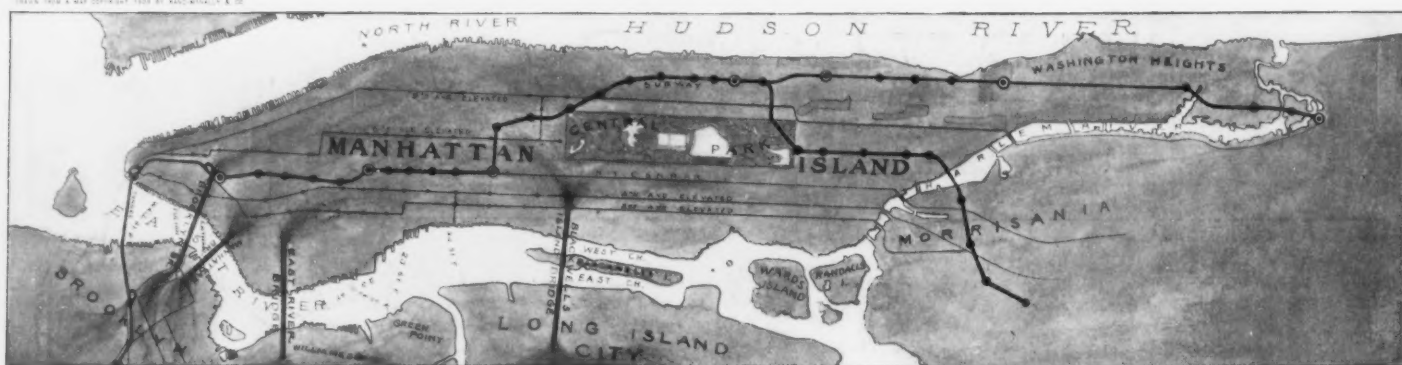
The new bridge, the most imposing structure of its kind, stands useless now, because it is isolated from the Greater New York rapid transit systems, with its terminals nowhere with relation to the tide of daily

tion that must be moved to and fro. No one has dared to reckon what their simultaneous eruption into narrow streets would mean. Only an earthquake panic could precipitate such an event. Then such a tidal wave of humanity would pour into downtown streets, from buildings of from ten to twenty stories high, that men and women would be piled in heaps to be fancied only by picturing a gigantic hopper shooting this multitude into a crater.

No other city has problems like these. In Philadelphia men walk from pleasant residential neighborhoods to their offices in from fifteen minutes to half an hour. Chicago has only to move its horizon further out on the prairie to make more room. New York has suburbs far up beyond its ribbon of business activity, but their population must be shot through the air or under the streets to the commercial district. The bulk of the population in future must live across the Hudson and East Rivers. Hence the new bridge enterprises, and their supplement, the rapid transit tunnel to Brooklyn.



THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE BETWEEN MANHATTAN AND WILLIAMSBURG, AS SEEN FROM THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD





POPE PIUS X RECEIVING A COMPANY OF PILGRIMS IN THE COURT OF SAINT DAMASUS IN THE VATICAN

WILL PALMA SUBMIT TO A LOTTERY?

THE lottery project is the subject though hardly the question of the hour in Cuba, since everybody appears to favor it, excepting President Palma and a certain number of members of Congress who want his favor. A national lottery, one of peculiar interest at all times to Latin peoples, is infinitely more so in this case, because it so directly affects the question of all questions in Cuba at the present moment, namely—Shall the revolutionary army be paid in full? The author of the lottery bill and all its supporters contend that the money for the veterans can be had in no other way than through the lottery, and that the lottery will bring it easily without hardship on anybody.

As Cuba is now heavily patronizing foreign lotteries, it is argued with considerable plausibility that the money might as well be kept at home. The proposal that the amount might as well be upward of \$50,000,000 as only about \$25,000,000, is convincing at least to all who will directly or indirectly benefit by the grant. It is freely predicted that if the lower branch of Congress, which now has the bill, passes it by a large majority, the President will affix his signature. Should he do so he will have retreated from the high stand he has heretofore taken in condemning any national lottery on every consideration of morality and national honor.—Our Correspondent, Havana, December 3.

HERBERT SPENCER, THE MAN

LIKE that other great philosopher, Kant, Herbert Spencer died of senile decay. Neither ever carried his work to bed with him. Kant's hobby was good company for dinner. Spencer's was that consistent care of his health which frequently yields an invalid the longevity denied to a strong man who draws upon his strength as if there were no end to it. In his early career, when Spencer was compelled to earn a living at engineering, at the same time that he wrote for recognition with the persistence of a Balzac, the shadow of illness was always upon him. Success brought him the privilege of practicing his gospel of relaxation, which he announced so vigorously in New York in 1883, when he was visiting the stronghold of the gospel of work.

While he was writing his "Synthetic Philosophy," he was as methodical as a clerk. From nine to ten he walked in Kensington Gardens, London. Though

his head was slightly bowed, and he seemed wrapped in meditation, yet he never failed to note a passing friend with a nod and a smile. After he returned to the house and had attended to his correspondence, he reached the full tide of dictation about noon and kept on until one, or until his head felt queer, as he put it. That meant that he would drop everything and leave the house. Expression came easily to him, so that he rarely halted for a word or made changes in the stenographer's copy. When he resumed the next morning, he seldom needed to be reminded of the last word spoken.

Worked Only Three Hours a Day

Before he had settled in his London régime, and into the full tide of his great task, when he was living on the shore of a Scottish loch, he would alternately row and dictate by stretches of a quarter of an hour. When he rowed it was vigorously; when he dictated he was as motionless as a statue, while his light-blue

eyes seemed to look into space. Most of his "First Principles" were composed in this way.

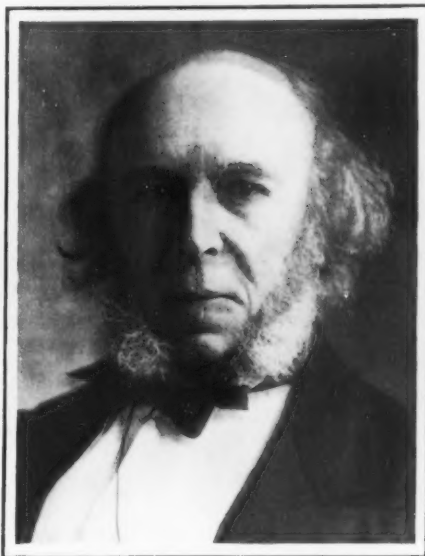
He never worked in the afternoon. At one o'clock he dropped philosophy as finally for the day as Kant did at the dinner hour. He was a familiar figure at the Athenæum Club, where he smoked very mild cigars and drank very weak tea. His favorite pastime was billiards, which he played well. He enjoyed explaining how his proficiency was due to his study of the angles of play. One day he was pitted against a rather top-pish young man who was not gracious enough to allow him to win. When the young man had run out the string a second time, Spencer put up his cue and said impressively: "Sir, to play a good game of billiards is the mark of a well-rounded education; to play too good a game of billiards is the mark of an ill-spent youth."

It is interesting to note that the one who probably gave to the nineteenth century its greatest intellectual achievement was not a university graduate. His education was entirely on unconventional lines, under the tuition of his father and his uncle. At seventeen he became a civil engineer. He was not an extensive reader; rather, he depended upon his friends among great scientists and thinkers, from whose talk, as from a book, he had in perfection the faculty of extracting that which was needful to his work. Mundane honors meant nothing to him. He cared neither to receive degrees from universities nor to appear at scientific or scholarly gatherings. Time was far too precious for this, he said. His spare hours he needed for relaxation; his billiards, his walks, his cigars, and his tea.

THE GHOST IS NOT WALKING

WHEN the present season was less than a month old, the most important theatrical entrepreneurs in this country authoritatively warned their colleagues that hard times lay ahead of them. This storm signal came late. Thousands were already invested in various amusement enterprises. These dollars were not to be recovered, but there could be an end to further outlay.

The tardy prophecy has been verified with lamentable accuracy. Rarely has a year been so unprofitable to the theatres. The opening weeks of the season were not brilliant. Nearer election, the reluctance of the public to be amused at its own expense was greater than it had been even in times of Presidential voting.



HERBERT SPENCER

Born April 27, 1820. Died December 8, 1903

Political anxieties settled, there came no change for the better. Many companies of actors succumbed immediately to this blasting indifference. Others controlled by managers whose capital can stand the strain, still continue to exist, awaiting their emergence into more prosperous territory. For there is a happier land for the players.

The worst of this year's misfortunes have been confined to the East and South. The people of the Middle and Far West, after the beautiful crops of the past year, have money to spend in their theatres, and are doing it as liberally as they have in the past. It is in the East that the story has been so different. It has not been uncommon during the past two months for audiences in New York theatres to represent less money than the salary of an unimportant actor in the play.

The situation is attributed to the present disinclination to spend money in luxuries. The theatre is a luxury to most of us. It costs at least one-third more to-day in the East than it did fifteen years ago. The first tendency in economy of living is to curtail such a luxury. It is also true that the present theatrical year, while not below the average in its offerings, has presented nothing so compelling and sensational in its attractiveness as to make this self-denial so trying as it might have been. Much that was good, however, and would undoubtedly have found favor at other times, has been rejected this year without a hearing, because the theatres are receiving more meagre support than they have had in a long time.

A SPECIMEN OF RURAL GRAFT

WHILE so many stories of official corruption are coming out, here is one worthy of attention. George Bishop of Buffalo was a sailor. In summer he made his living on the Great Lakes. In winter his occupation was that of a professional prisoner at county and village jails. This was his method as related by himself:

"I get into a town and I goes up to a cop and says, 'Say, how are you fixed for a little time?' And he says, 'How much do you want?' I say, 'Oh, about five or ten days.' Then him and me fixes it up. He takes me before the justice and I pleads guilty and down I goes. Time up, I get a tip and skip over to other parts where the officers are all right, get a little time off them and back I comes under a new name, then down again, out again, and so on."

In most of the rural parts of New York, as in other States, police officers are paid by fees for each arrest made, and sheriffs or jailers are given an allowance for the board of each prisoner while in custody. This explanation is sufficient to show the full meaning of the sailor-tramp's story. It implies a direct collusion between hoboos and various rural officials. The tramps are boarded free of cost and in idleness. In addition, Bishop said he usually made from \$50 to \$75 each winter in tips from officials whom he accommodated. The officers get the profit from boarding the men and the fees for arresting them. Bishop said that he knew about forty men who follow this life every winter.

This story was told on the witness stand at Medina in the course of an investigation of the Sheriff of Orleans County (N. Y.), who has resigned under charges. It is here related in the past tense, because the next night Bishop was found dead on top of a freight car, his skull crushed in. Presumably he was struck by a low bridge while stealing a ride.

JUST WHAT ROCKEFELLER WANTS

"WHAT do you know about the steel business?" said Charles M. Schwab to H. H. Rogers, Vice-President of the Standard Oil Company, in the offices of the United States Steel Company one day.

"Perhaps I know as much as you do," Mr. Rogers replied.

And then, somewhat later, President A. J. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad uprooted the poles and threw down the wires of the

Western Union Telegraph Company that stood along the Pennsylvania lines. He destroyed more than five million dollars' worth of property in less than a week.

That conversation and Mr. Cassatt's crusade against

hard fight, but the Rockefellers could not be stopped. Schwab was removed and Corey of Pittsburgh, another Carnegie man, put in his place. That did not placate.

When Morgan and Carnegie capitulate and give Frick control the Rockefellers will be satisfied. Enough water will have been squeezed out by that time to put the United States Steel Company where it belongs, on a sound basis. Carnegie hates Frick. He will not surrender until he is compelled to. Meantime, the Rockefellers are prepared to continue the fight, and steel will remain at the low levels.

Gould is a great owner of Western Union, and is coming to tide-water at Baltimore with his railroads. Cassatt can not stop him. Rockefeller is standing by with all the tremendous resources of the Standard Oil Company. The Western Union move, undertaken by Cassatt as an act of reprisal for the plan of Gould to enter his territory with his extension of the Wabash over the Western Maryland and the Central of West Virginia and the new links he is to build, is the excuse.

The Rockefellers are easily the greatest financial power in this country. They are not spectacular in their methods. They work

quietly, but they never stop. And Mr. Schwab's *inde* taunt to Mr. Rogers and Mr. Cassatt's uprooting of the poles are the contributing causes to the fierce game now being played, with the real causes, the determination to put Frick at the head of the Steel Company, and the determination to get to tidewater with the Gould system, firmly in mind. It is a wonderful exhibition of the power of money against the power of money.

EVOLUTION OF A "BOOM"

THE era of delirious speculation in the Texas oil fields has been succeeded by the solid upbuilding of a great industry, although the passing of the "boom" has spread the impression that the "bottom had dropped out of Beaumont." Yet the wells of Texas and Louisiana are producing 80,000 barrels daily, an annual output of nearly 30,000,000 barrels or five-twelfths of the world's total production three years ago. Thousands of small companies and independent operators have been wiped out in the inevitable concentration of control in the hands of capital powerfully organized and ably directed, until to-day two-thirds of the Beaumont output is controlled by the J. M. Guffey Petroleum Company, producing 10,000 barrels daily, while the visible remainder is divided among three other concerns.

The recent discoveries of "gushers" along the coast country of Texas, and in Louisiana, have been followed by a conservative development of industry, with little of the malignant speculative fever which devastated Beaumont in its beginnings. Many refineries are in operation, turning out numerous by-products, railroads and other extensive fuel consumers are burning the oil, miles of pipe lines radiate from the several fields, and there is steel tankage in Texas capable of holding 10,000,000 barrels of oil, while earthen tanks can take care of 5,000,000 more.

Where One Man Counts

But while the absorption of the oil territory by a few men will enable them to bulwark their own interests and to protect the public against "wild-cat" investments, this concentration snatches from the poor man all chance of striking a fortune in oil, until there is another "boom" elsewhere. The Alaska gold fields have not been fenced in as yet by the capitalist and the promoter, and in the far North the independent placer miner has at least the opportunity to seek his own fortune. In the far South, however, the only discovery of natural treasure in this generation which can be compared with the Alaska and British Northwest discoveries in production of wealth has been snatched from the field of individual endeavor.



A REMARKABLE RAILROAD CROSSING IN RICHMOND, VA.

The highest track of the three which intersect at this point belongs to the Chesapeake & Ohio R. R., the steel viaduct along which it runs being the longest of its kind in the world, built at a cost of \$2,000,000. The lowest track is that of the Southern Railway; the middle track, that of the Seaboard Air Line. These trains were stopped so that this photograph might be taken especially for Collier's Weekly

the Western Union may appear to have no relevance. Combined with two other circumstances, they furnish the key to the great raids on the stocks of the United States Steel Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The tremendous "bearing" of the securities of these companies is due to a steady, relentless, uncompromising assault by the financial interests controlled by John D. Rockefeller. There is no truce. Rockefeller has two objects in view. He desires to put the Steel Company where he thinks it belongs and to get his man for president, and he intends to help George Gould punish Cassatt.

The Rockefellers are heavily interested in steel. They are said to be the largest holders. It has always been their contention that Henry C. Frick of Pittsburgh is the proper man for president. They proposed Frick. Mr. Carnegie would not listen to this proposition. He wanted Schwab. J. Pierpont Morgan stood behind Carnegie. Rogers advised Rockefeller. When the time was ripe the assault on the securities of the United States Steel Company began.

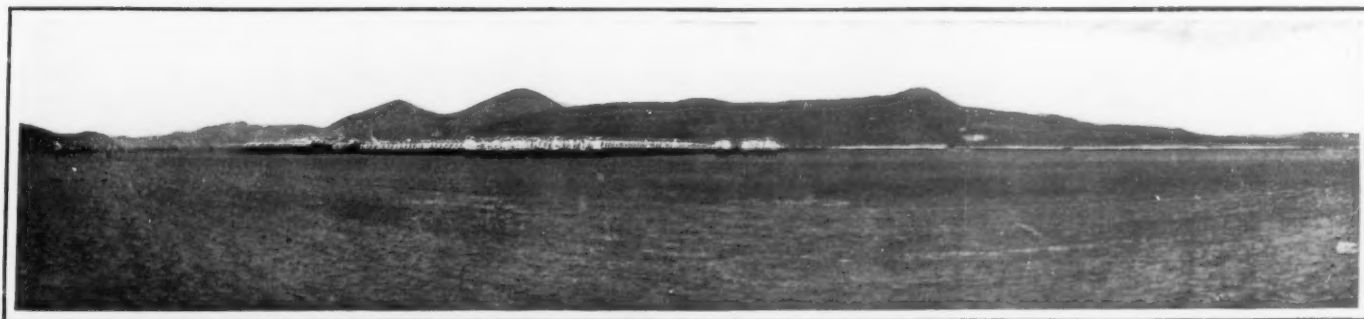
No Quarter Given or Asked

Wall Street never saw a greater movement, nor one executed so relentlessly. Machinery was started in London and in New York. Everything was done to depreciate the value of the stock. Morgan made a



THE STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH AT PALO ALTO, CAL.

This edifice is the principal feature of the notable group of buildings now being erected at Stanford University. It is conceded to be one of the most beautiful churches in this country; being notable for the mosaic decoration on the facade—which represents "The Sermon on the Mount"—designed by Rampollo



A PORTION OF THE RUSSIAN GARRISON OF PORT ARTHUR, CHINA, MANŒUVRING ON THE GREAT PLAIN BACK OF THE CITY

A PEKING VIEW OF THE EASTERN CRISIS

THIS fall I have made two trips into Manchuria, the last one to see the evacuation—which no mortal man will ever see, unless at the points of Japanese bayonets—and arrived at Port Arthur, thanks to a railway washout, too late for the manœuvres, which, of course, were held entirely for the benefit of Japan. War, before the 8th of October a possibility, has since become a probability, unless Russia abandons some of her territorial gains. This Russia will never consent to. The only other peaceful solution is that Japan concede Russian dominance in Manchuria in return for a free hand in Korea.

There is another serious possibility that I have seen mentioned nowhere, and which the home papers and governments may not appreciate. In the event of further troubles in this province, Russia, with her present great military and naval forces at Port Arthur, could overrun the province with a large army before the other Powers were able to get troops to the scene. Having done that and having the right to claim credit for restoring order, she would doubtless continue her occupation by the same methods and excuses she has used to retain Manchuria. The tentacles are drawing more closely about us every month. There is reason to believe that the railway from Irkutsk to Peking *via* Kalgan is well under way (some American geologists have seen it, and a secretary of the British legation has gone to Mongolia ostensibly to shoot, but really to investigate); the Russians are acquiring control of the cable and telegraph service in Northern China; the Great Northern (a Danish company whose stock is largely owned by the Russian royal family) is fast elbowing out the Eastern Extension (a British corporation), and the Russo-Chinese bank is establishing branches in many places, regardless of the fact that they have not yet been opened to foreign business by treaty. When Tien-tsin goes the way of Newchwang, we shall have lost the two cities where American trade is most important.

Yuan Shi Kai, who succeeded Li Hung Chang as Viceroy of Chihli, and from whom much was expected, is lying low. No one knows exactly where he stands on the question of the hour. He has organized a good army in this province. Its equipment, and the physique and training of the men, compare favorably with any body of troops here. That is due, of course, to the Japanese instructors. His schools are achieving only moderate success. His 'mint, which was to be the basis of national coinage reform, is dormant, and the American director devotes most of his attention to teaching the Viceroy's sons English. He probably does not dare to shine as a reformer. The university still exists; but the dowager ordered Chinese classics to be put to the front, and most of the students have left, because they came there for Western knowledge.

As for China's part in a Russo-Japanese war, my opinion is that she will be a very docile spectator. She might make trouble for Russia in Manchuria, but there is the long Mongolian border and Turkestan and Tibet, which she could not possibly attempt to protect. Nothing would please Russia more (so Russians say) than to have China attack her. Then she would push forward her line of Cossacks wherever it pleased

her, and what she had gained by righteous conquest, that would she retain forever to the glory of her "civilizing mission in Asia." China has some sense about some things and this is one of them. Prince Ching has said as much to the foreign ministers. He, by the way, has come to be considered a weak but amiable old man, sorely harassed in the attempt to stand between his entirely defenceless country and the diplomatic wolves who beset her, and on the whole deserving of sympathy and some respect. According to his lights he does the best he can.

The will of the Dowager Empress was never more absolute in its sway. To all officials her words mean the "tremble and obey" which forms the stereotyped ending of all edicts from the throne. Tsui An is not deceived by anybody, nor influenced into doing anything she does not want to. Next to her, as a sort of go-between to receive the bribes which expectant taotais and higher officials pay for their promotions, stands the head eunuch Li, one of the richest men in China. The situation in China is always mixed and beclouded to foreign vision. There are now some comparatively clear factors, however. The reactionary party of which the dowager is the head, supported by many officials

BUTLER PAYS FOR HER CARELESSNESS

BUTLER, Pennsylvania, is a typical growing town of twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants. Oil made it. Then came manufacturing industries, steel works, car shops, and factories. Everything prospered. There is not a pauper family. It has churches, schools, banks, and substantial business houses. Butler was proud of herself—and pitifully careless.

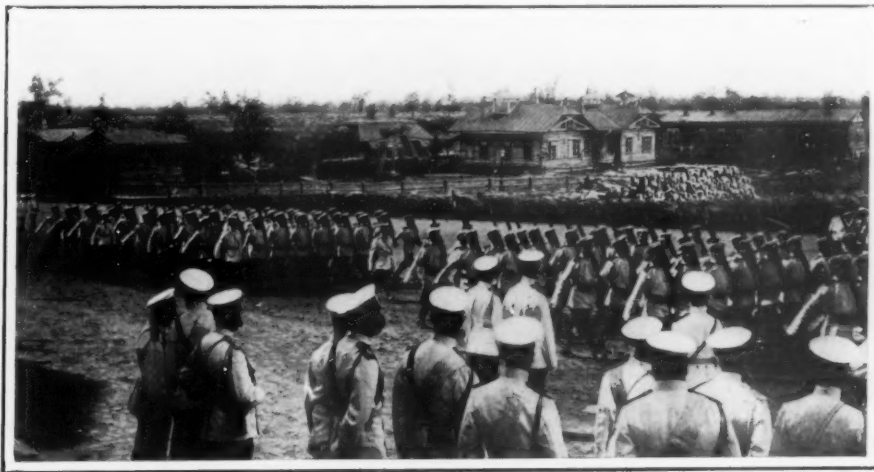
In August there was a break in the water service. Temporary supply was taken from a creek. Two or three cases of typhoid fever were reported among the dwellers along the creek banks. Butler paid no heed. The fever spread. Cases occurred in the city. One of her forty-three physicians gave open warning. Butler went her old way. She was busy, and the business could not be neglected. Neither could the fever, but Butler did not think of that. By mid-October the disease had a firm grip. Still there was no general alarm. It was not until late in November that the physician whose warnings had gone unheeded shook Butler to her senses by sending a cry for help to the outside world.

In all Butler, up to that time, there had been only one man who supported him, the assistant rector of one of the Catholic parishes. Even then she was loath to admit the seriousness of her situation, and a committee of citizens telegraphed over the country a denial that she was in distress. But when the tally was made, and between a thousand and twelve hundred cases were reported, the false denial was recalled, and Butler confessed her folly in a fervent appeal for assistance.

One-fifth, perhaps one-fourth, of her homes are stricken, two or three cases in many of them, four or five in some; business is at a standstill, streets and public places deserted, and the town given up to a fight for life. That first call for help

met ready response, but the denial caused some doubt and delay until the seriousness of the situation was clearly set forth. Now generous aid is forthcoming, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Allegheny, Mercer, Rochester, Meadville, and also other cities sending each their quota. Families whose workers are stricken must be cared for through the weeks of convalescence, as well as during the illness, or helped in case of death. The State gave \$2,000, and the Standard Oil Company, whose towers rise on every hill within sight of the town, sent \$1,500. One hotel has been turned into a hospital. Philadelphia sent a complete hospital outfit, and will maintain it at her own expense.

The Relief Committee has made lists of all the cases by wards. In the smallest there are two hundred. In one ward fifty cases were reported in two blocks. The plague has taken rich and poor alike. In the centre of the substantial residence district, on the best street of the city, out of fifty homes in a row only three are free. In the seven public schools two thousand five hundred children were enrolled. When nine hundred failed to respond at roll-call, and it was found that half of them had fever and others came from stricken homes, it was decided to close the schools until after New Year's, at least. As if one epidemic were not enough, diphtheria has come. In the Orphans' Home, out of twenty-six cases of fever, eight of the children developed diphtheria.



RUSSIAN TROOPS PARADING IN NEWCHWANG, MANCHURIA

who indorse her views, and by others who would indorse the devil for the sake of advancement, is in the ascendant.

Conspicuous among the latter is old Chang Chi Tung, who is conceived by most foreigners to be one of the most progressive men in China, but who has tried foreign devil schemes, and having failed to graft them on to Cathay, appears to have suffered a reaction against the whole devilish system. He is mortgaged up to his ears at his provincial capital on account of money borrowed from German firms to launch his arsenals and cotton mills and other enterprises, and he came to Peking recently with the hope of obtaining something good and lingers here reluctant to return and face his creditors. He was chiefly instrumental in obtaining the death of the newspaper correspondent Shen Chien and also in the return of the university to the good old ways.

Without question, the reform sentiment has increased greatly since 1900, but it is still working in the dark, makes many blunders and is given to nihilistic undignified revilings at the throne in the newspapers, which do not help it. The native newspapers incidentally are becoming more numerous, published in the foreign settlements, of course, and while not yet properly organized, they are being much read and have considerable influence.—From our Correspondent, Peking, November 2.



THE TRAP

By ASHTON HILLIERS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

DID YOU ever haul a lobster creel? No? Then imagine yourself at sea in an open boat on a windless summer's morning, under the cliffs of Donegal. The clear green swell is full of floating jellies which emit sparks in the boat's shadow. The water seems warmed and lighted fathoms down by the sunshine. First comes the strings of cork floats, then, hand over hand, the taut wet line comes inboard and is coiled away between one's feet; it seems endless—back and arms ache in sympathy before the heavy basket comes swaying up from unstunned depths with its crawling, jerking crew of blue lobsters, and maybe some spider-crab or other uncanny sea-growth which never appears upon the table.

I tried this for a month one year, lodging over the village shop at Dunsand, spending my evenings with the priest and the doctor, and my days at sea with one Daniel Crowley, better known as Danny the Spinker from some daring feat upon the cliffs, the handiest, raggedest, cheeriest, simplest of creatures; lithe as a lascar, steady as a Scot, and withal the smartest boat hand I ever sailed with.

One morning we hauled the pots at seven. The catch was good and the weather perfect, but Crowley predicted a change and shipped his creels for fear of losing them; for they will go adrift in heavy weather.

I was getting a pot over the gunwale with that double-handed dead lift which takes it out of one so, when Dan's son, Shamus, who was pulling stroke, remarked that he was on the Main Island. Turning, I saw the slender column of smoke ascending from the summit of Croagh Grogach, the signal to those at sea of the landlord's visit.

"The wife has the rint riddy for'm. Sure, I've no call to put meself about for the man's coming at ahl. Aisy, Shamus, we'll go under Table Island."

This is an outlier of the Main Island, severed therefrom by a quarter of a mile or more of water. An unbroken wall of cliff rises from deep water bearing hundreds of feet aloft a level table of sweet grasses which had blown and withered from time immemorial untrodden by the foot of man, until some ten years since an adventurous pair of brothers took out some lean sheep in a boat, got them up the cliff, none knew how, and when the keep was exhausted, brought them down again fat—the greater feat of the two.

No one who knows the ways of West Irish landlordism, that exacts a "royalty" upon seaweed raked from the waves, will be surprised at the sequel. Rent was demanded: nominal at first, it was paid; doubled, it still was paid; another turn of the screw was tried, and this time was resisted. For two years Table Island was unfed, then, one August evening the brothers, while whiffing for pollock in their *coragh*, hooked something heavy and were overset. They carried the secret of the cliffs to the bottom with them.

The landlord was probably unaware of the difficulty of farming this part of his estate; the next year, doubting nothing, he came over to Main Island (of which he monopolized the mountain grazing), put some sheep into a boat and spent a long May day in futile attempts to get them upon Table Island. It was a day wasted; neither he nor any of his men so much as reached the top climbing-light; as for carrying a sheep up, the thing was palpably impossible. Yet it had been done. The situation from the landlord's point of view was sufficiently annoying. There was doubtless some swearing.

"We would none of us touch his grass 'til he'd had his thry for't, sor," said Dan, "but when I saw'm wid me own eyes through Father Trotter's glass climmin' thin spinks in his stockin' fit, and fairly sh-tuck before he was a' high as a hooker's mast, why, thin, sor, we agrayed among ourselves that it wasn't his grass at all, but God Almighty's and any one's that could get ut."

We were now close beneath the cliffs, up they went banded and veined with pink felspar and milky quartz to giddy green shelves, where the ewes were feeding each with her lamb at heel.

A seal rose—a big fellow following the boat within easy range, moving a solemn, foolish face from side to side as though dissatisfied with either eye in turn.

"Is she in the locker, Shamus?"

"She is not, father; she is behind the gurrl's bed at home."

"She" was an old muzzle-loading rifle, American pattern, with a history—a relic, as I always thought, of the Fenian rising. We killed seal with her, but one had to be discreet; Main Island is as quiet as Berkshire and very much freer from crime, but being part of a proclaimed county, the possession of firearms is attended with difficulty.

"Luff a little, yer honor. This point isn't the point yer honor thinks. The Trap is just beyant."

"No risk such weather as this, Dan?"

"Not the least taste, sor, glory be; but an' yet the Trap's an ugly place in any wind at ahl, and indade if yer honor fails to weather ut we must unslip the mast and pull a bit, that's ahl."

As he spoke we passed close under a lofty cliff and opened the cove beyond, a semicircle of precipices rising from ten-fathom water and extending, from its further extremity, as a hand to clutch any boat that might be embayed there, a low, narrow promontory of splintered granite. This natural pier or jetty is united to the foot of the main cliff by a flying buttress, under which the green seas meet and wrestle in storms.

This is the southwestern corner of Main Island, locally known as the Trap; a fatal place, as many a south-bound hooker hugging the coast too closely has found.

We none of us spoke as we crossed the mouth of the inlet, vacant and silent that day as the empty den of a tiger. Dan was right enough as to our proper course. I had nothing in hand at the point, and should hardly have weathered it, but for a momentary freshening of the breeze, which laid us over and sent us racing past close-hauled.

"This 'cool' comes handy, Dan; for unless I'm out in my steering, there's a curious set of the tide just here."

"Dade there is, sor, and ye're not the first to make the remarrk— Ah, now! and f'what's that?"

A young girl was standing upon the promontory, her hair and garments fluttering as she shrieked some message through her hollowed palms, which was lost in the bubble of the water beneath our counter.

"'Tis Katie, sure enough," said Shamus, "but f'what does the colleen mane?"

A yacht was moored a cable's-length from the pier, which, like almost every other outlay of public money in Western Ireland, has been put in the wrong place or built in the wrong direction and is silting up. At the pierhead was a crowd composed mainly of women and boys, openly contemptuous. I saw at a glance that something was afoot, and turned to Crowley for information.

"'Tis the ushul shtoor, yer honor. He's bin round for his rints (for he's his own agent), dropt upon us promiskus, so to spake, a-carryin' his gun at full cock to the door of ivy cabin, as if he expected a roan lion was inside instid of a sittin' hen."

Mr. Duff was at the top of the landing-steps. I had heard enough of his doings during my stay in the neighborhood to make me curious to see him. I saw a deep-chested, well-built man of forty or forty-five who held himself very erect. He wore a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, and carried a heavy magazine rifle in the hollow of his arm. One was conscious of a certain air of breeding about him; he was well set up and well tailored, the hands were white and short. There was something in the pose of the head suggestive of race. We are all intuitive physiognomists; I knew at a glance that I could never have worked with this man. The face was forbidding; a bar of sunburn—possibly—crossed it below the eyes, a bluntly aquiline nose coming in for a share of the heightened color. A heavy blond mustache fell over the mouth, a feature which is apt to convey suggestions of the aggressive if unbalanced by beard or whisker.

As we came up the steps Mr. Duff looked us over in turn with a coldly offensive stare, caught Crowley's eye and fixed him as he would have passed, held him a couple of seconds without acknowledging his salutation before bursting upon him with—"You, Crowley, what the deuce do you mean by putting sheep upon Table Island?"

"Why, to ate the grass, sor," said Dan with his sweet ready smile.

"But 'tis *my* grass, you impertinent fellow! I intend putting some sheep up there this very day."

"Yer honor is very welcome to *try*," said Dan gently, "and when your sheep are up I'll take mine down at wance, so 'tis a bargain."

"It is nothing of the kind, fellow!" roared Duff, purpling. "Get back into your boat and fetch them off directly!"

"Deed, sor, I will not. The grass is none of yours as yer honor knows well, by the token that ye can not get up to ut as ye stand, let alone wid a shape on yer shoulders."

"Will—you—remove—your—sheep?" demanded Duff.

"I—will—not," replied Dan with just a suspicion of mimicry in his intonation.

At this moment the yacht's boat approached, and Duff descended the steps to enter her; pausing at the last, he turned a pale, angry face over his shoulder to Crowley, and said quite softly, "I shall shoot those sheep."

It seemed time to interfere, pinching Dan's arm to keep him quiet, "Mr. Duff," I said, "I trust you will excuse the interposition of a perfect stranger, but before this goes any further I will ask you to accept me as your tenant—for this rock or island, I mean—don't let me detain you now; I will put my offer in writing, with your permission."

The man deliberately turned his head without moving his body, adjusted an unnecessary monocle, and looked me over from the toes of my sea-boots to the crown of a battered straw hat, dwelling, as I thought, particularly upon a pair of chapped and tarry hands. After some ten seconds of leisurely scrutiny, he ejected the glass from his eye and took his seat in the stern-sheets of his dinghy without a word.

"Come away out of this, yer honor," said Dan in a fine glow of indignation, "'tis not for a gentleman like yerself to be seen colloquin' wid the likes o' that!"

"He's a most amusing fellow, this landlord of yours, Dan; I wouldn't have missed the performance for a good deal."

But Crowley considered the affair beyond a joke; the hospitalities of Main Island had been outraged in my person, and it was some minutes before he regained his usual buoyant spirits.

While we were transferring our lobsters to the floating cage, in which they would await the weekly steamer, Shamus remarked that that yacht's boat was being manned. Dan stuck to his work without looking up, which was wise; for should a six-pound lobster get your thumb into his knobby claw, you are apt to find that thumb in a tightish place and to remember that lobster until your dying day.

Presently the boy observed that they had cast off and were heading south. Crowley looked at me. "D'ye think he manes ut, sor? Put us on the quay, Shamus, me son. You an' I, sor, will jist stip over to Claddagh Head and see f'what the devil does mane."

We were soon at the shore-end of the pier with the links before us dotted with burned-out kelp-ovens and patches of Carrigheen moss whitening in the sun. Dan led the way through a straggling village of cabins and across the inclosures behind them to the open hill, and thence on a bee-line over the backbone of the island to the remote promontory he had mentioned.

As we lay upon the cushions of thrift and sea-wasted grasses upon the summit of that lofty headland, the faint blue Atlantic horizon swept around us for three-fourths of a circle, and within it and beneath us lay Table Island, its level green top dotted with sheep.

Dan had regained his temper; his tongue wagged freely. I had the story of the island's trouble; how by rights all this mountain was common, and how this fact had been "elane overlooked" by the Encumbered Estates Court, when "they" sold out the "last of the Ould Family" in '56.

While Dan talked I saw a boat creep out from behind a point; two men were at the oars and a third in gray aft; they were making for Table Island.

There was not a flaw of wind; the great opaque expanse lay smooth as oil. The height dwarfed the boat to the size of a toy, but I knew it again. Something in the stern flashed in the sun at times.

Crowley was focusing a glass I had lent him when a puff of smoke rose from the boat, and before the report reached us the sheep upon the island had ceased feeding, the ewes leaving their lambs to peer over the cliff's edge.

Presently the boat passed within the shadow of the

rock, the oars were still, and the man in gray rose to his feet. We saw him raise his rifle and fire. A ewe sprang from the cliff, turned over twice in mid-air and fell sheer into the sea below, a tall jet of foam rising over her.

"Good Lord!" I cried, "he has done it! The infernal brute!" Dan, who was lying upon his breast with the glass to his eye, said never a word. Whether it were apathy or self-control, his bearing surprised me. I thought I understood the simple nature of the man, and was prepared for an outbreak of Celtic fury. I was the hotter of the two.

Another puff of smoke leaped from the rifle, and a second ewe plunged down the cliff, struck a projection, and rebounded in a long curve; we watched its downward course until the sea covered it.

Then Crowley spoke with a husky tremor in his voice: "Two very pretty shots, an' now, sor, let's hope he'll be satisfied." Not he; another and again another followed. The sheep upon the summit scattered in panic, but several were feeding upon the ledges, and these he picked off in turn, his men pulling him gently along the line of cliffs, backing at intervals to permit him to mark and bring down his quarry.

With the hundred yards' sight up and the motionless sea beneath him, he had the innocent things at his mercy.

I sickened at the butchery.

"Come away with me, Dan," I said, "'tis a cruel sight; but you've your remedy at law, of course, and I should say a certain verdict."

"In the Courts, is it? Devil a shillin', yer honor! He'd appale and appale again, an' plead misdirection and vindictive damages, and get the venue changed an' move for a new thryal, an' challenge me jurors until me back was bruk; whilst, if I had a crimin'l information, his fellow grand-jurymen'd ignore the bill. Oeh, there's no justice for an honest poor man in Donegal, sor, 'tis God's truth I'm tellin' ye!"

He arose as a half-dazed man rises, turning to me the saddest eyes I ever looked into and a piteously drooping lip. His hand went up to the back of his head, and he swayed so unsteadily upon his feet that I feared some seizure was imminent and caught his arm, for we were near the brink.

As we turned from the sea I noticed that the column of smoke upon Croagh Grogach was shaking, and even as we gazed the upper half of it was caught by some higher current and streamed away to the northeast. Dan saw it too, and was his old alert self again upon the instant. Facing about, he made me notice a black line that crossed the sea beyond Table Island beneath a distant bank of low cloud.

It was coming up quickly; I could see it encroaching upon the blue sunny expanse, blotting out the southwestern horizon, although with us no breath of air moved and the heat was oppressive.

(Crack! went the rifle below us, but Crowley apparently did not give it a thought.)

"'Tis a capful of wind, sor, an' will be upon us in half an hour," and with that some idea struck him, for his hand ceased caressing the stubble chin and covered his mouth with a sudden grip, his eyes fixed, his temples flushed, and he stood thus for a quarter of a minute, then, throwing up his arm: "Katie!" he cried to a bare-legged colleen who crouched upon a stone near us.

"Katie!" he cried again; the girl drew near with the timid, graceful movements of a tame fawn. He glanced at me and again at her, and once more his eyes rested doubtfully upon me, and this time his lower lip shot out and his brows drew together; then taking the girl by the shoulders and using the Irish tongue, he gave her a brief, emphatic order, the purport of which I could not guess, but I noticed her gray eyes dilate as she pressed her hands palm to palm and stood trembling.

"Quick wid ye!" cried her father in conclusion, sharp as the crack of a whip, and therewith the child turned and bounded off like an alarmed deer.

Katie was a fine runner; we stood with our backs to the sea watching her tossing skirt and fleet white limbs rising and sinking amid the brown billows of the moorland until lost to sight.

Then we turned to see what Duff was doing. He was still at it, getting a certain satisfaction, as one must suppose, in killing sheep that did not belong to him.

"I'll have them at that diversion for a bit," Dan muttered, "the say is gettin' up almighty quick. It'll take 'em the best of an hour to make their offing, and thin they'll get sail on her and make the same board as we did this mornin', and by thin the colleen—" he checked himself, and turning to me with a sweet, winning smile began to exclaim and to accuse himself of neglect: "Hooly Moses! did I ever? To think now that yer honor should have missed yer lunch! Not a bite since six in the mornin', and 'tis midday now! Wirra! what a gommerran I was not to bring some male-bread along wid me! Would ye mind the trouble, sor, of just stippin' down to the cabin and getting a bite?"

He spoke as gently and pleasantly as a man with nothing upon his mind; but I didn't like it, nor the trick of his eye which could not meet mine. I fancied, too, that he wanted to be rid of me.

"Come along yourself, Dan; you must be wanting food badly."

"Faix, sor, I can not ate for thinkin' o' the lambs, but wid yer lave I'll just sit down and have a pipe and be wid ye presently."

I left him smoking under the lee of a bowlder and in due time reached the cabin. It was empty; the wife was with Shamus—I could see her upon the quay half a mile away and two hundred feet below. The house was not wholly lifeless, a little terrier ceased licking a fresh stripped sealskin to crawl across the floor and twist around my feet, rapping the floor with vibrant tail. Beside the crucifix in the niche at the bed's head, a hen was sitting upon eggs; a calf lay beside the smoul-

dering peats on the hearth, over which hung the pot of stirabout. I could not put my hand upon the salt or milk, but contrived to satisfy my hunger, and, filling my pockets with the maize-meal cakes used by the family, had risen to rejoin my poor friend when my eye caught the glisten of something upon the earthen floor within the twilight of the girl's sleeping-room. The place was empty. I entered, stooped, and found it was a gun-cap. A glance assured me that it was unused and new; from its position I judged that it could not have lain where I found it many minutes.

A light broke in upon me. Tossing the cap upon the peats, I felt behind the bed. My hand encountered a frieze overcoat wrapped around something hard and angular—a long narrow box half-filled with oily rags, but otherwise empty. In another moment I was striding off to find Crowley with a horrid fear gripping at my heart.

Running and walking during the next forty minutes, I covered some miles and felt satisfied that my man was still before me. Now I was in a boggy glen, the view limited to the inlet below me, into which the blustery wind would be driving the Atlantic rollers, then I would be aloft again upon a rocky moor buffeted by the salt breeze that filled my eyes with water. The day had changed indeed, but there was still worse weather coming.

Suddenly I came upon him walking fast, with an eye to seaward, and, thank God! with empty hands. We met; I pressed food upon him; he took it mechanically, eying me the while with the air of one preoccupied and ill at ease.

"Thankye, sor; thankye kindly," he mumbled at length, "an' now yer honor had better be tekkin' the hill, for 'tis a fair stip to yer lodgin', and there's a hape of dirty weather at hand."

Breathless with running, I did not reply, but stood watching him eat and meanwhile took my bearings. We were at the cliff's edge at the end of a bight formed by two promontories; one horn of the crescent ended in a conspicuous car striped diagonally with wavering ribbons of pink felpar. Surely, I had seen that cliff before—yes, the opposite horn was low. We were overlooking the Trap.

At this moment I saw the boat below us rounding the loftier bastion, and she seemed to me dangerously near the cliffs. Crowley saw her, too, out of the tail of his eye; he did not turn his head, but his face hardened.



I WAS BESIDE HIM, VERY SHAKY AS TO MY KNEES

"I must be goin', sor; good-day to ye, an' may ivry saint in hivin reward ye for yer goodness!" and away he strode. I was at his side in a moment.

"What does this mean, Dan?"

"Mane, sor?" he asked with a momentary flash of his old smile: "What should it mane? But yer honor must be tired, and, indade, I'll not drag yer further upon me poor concerns," and with that he passed on so obviously bent upon escape that I could not for the moment invent an excuse for following him.

Sitting, I watched the boat through my glass. Laboring through the water, she was nearing the low rocky ness that we had shaved in the morning. As the glass swayed in the gusts, this point passed into my field of vision and out again; only a momentary glance it was, but in that moment I saw something which brought my heart into my mouth. Carefully steadying the telescope against a stone, I focused again; yes, there lay a rifle!

Now for Crowley. He was not in sight, but within a couple of hundred yards I came upon a pair of brogues lying on the brink, and fifty feet below them their owner was descending the cliff.

"Dan!" I yelled, "what are you about?"

"Goin' to have a word wid me landlord, sor," he answered with a sidelong toss of the head. The manner and tones were changed; he was in a state of highly strung mental exaltation; the light of a forlorn hope shone in his eye.

"Wait where you are; I'm coming!"

He stopped at once, screaming that it was certain death and imploring me not to stir. The place was about as bad a bit as one could find, a *gendarme* that under ordinary circumstances I would not have looked at without guides and a rope.

In half a minute I was beside him, very shaky as to my knees, and with cramped fingers and a dryish tongue. He had watched my descent with open-mouthed concern for my safety. I reached the ledge; there was space for us both; we drew breath for what was to come.

"Crowley!" I cried, gripping him with one hand, "I have you, and here I'll keep you until you swear not to shoot that fellow!"

"Shoot, is it? Begorra! what could have put that idea—?"

"You fool! I've seen the rifle down there." He looked below at the ness and then at the boat and was dumb.

We stood thus for a space. At the end of it he seemed to me to heave some weight from him; his glance met mine frankly: "I—will—not—shoot—Mr. Duff," he said, pumping his words forth slowly. "I swear to that by me poor immortal soul, more by token that I've not bin to me duty this quarter, sor, and ye know what that manes to One of Us."

I believed him; my grip relaxed; a blast swept up from the sea below wellnigh lifting me off my foothold, and in that instant I lost him. The daring fellow dropped to a lower ledge and descended with incredible nimbleness a narrow vertical fissure which I would not have attempted for all the gold of the Rand, no, nor to save a legion of Duffs from the punishment due to their extortions.

"Your oath!" I cried.

"Shall be kept," he answered and was gone.

Then came reaction. I was alone, cuffed and buffeted by a great wind which sucked the breath out of me, clutched and shook me, and, leaving me faint and dizzy, went rumbling off along the cliff in search of prey with a parting threat of speedy return. How I lived through the next few minutes I can not tell, but at the end I found myself upon my face upon the heather above, my joints jerking with extreme exertion, my muscles gathered into knots and my throat bone dry with fear. How I got down remains a mystery to me, for the getting up again was an unpleasantly near thing.

When my temples ceased throbbing I took the glass again and found Crowley crouched upon the point, with Katie beside him, some twenty feet above the waves. The dinghy was close upon them, dragging very slowly through the water against the suck of a strong current. The seas at the ness were swinging in with a ten-foot rise and fall ugly to contemplate.

Then Crowley rose to his feet, steadying himself with the rifle held in his left hand, and hailed the boat, as I judged. Katie knelt beside him, and from her proximity, and his own open bearing, I am convinced that he meditated no violence, though what he meant or said I shall never know.

His hail took them all by surprise. They started; Duff made over the tiller to one of his men and grasped his rifle. He saw himself in the power of the man he had abominably misused; he saw in his victim's hand the means of vengeance, and determined to forestall him. Up flashed the Winchester, and a perfect fusillade of bullets poured upon Dan and Katie.

The man and girl were down upon their faces. I feared the worst; Katie lay where she had fallen at the first shot. Her father cautiously raised himself, bent over her, shook her, but there was no response. Clutching his hair in both hands, he rocked himself in an agony, then sprang to his feet, shaking both fists furiously at his enemy, who was swiftly reloading with an ugly look upon his flushed features. In a moment Dan was down again upon his breast (and this time the rifle was in his right hand)—only just in time, for the boat rose upon the wave, and the first three shots of a second broadside sent the echoes shattering up the cliff.

When the boat rose again they fired together. Crowley with startling effect. The dinghy fell away toward the cliff, the helmsman sprawling upon his face over the lee gunwale to the imminent danger of a capsizing. The tiller had snapped in his hand.

Yacht hands are smart sailors, I doubt not. Duff's men were of good class, but this mishap fairly took them aback. Some precious moments were lost in contradictory action. Duff ran an oar out to leeward and pulled furiously to get the boat's head to wind. The man who tended the sheet let it fly, and, after a sharp altercation with his employer, drew a sheath-knife, cut fore-sheet and halyard, and, as the yard came down with a run, unsteepled the mast and hove it overboard, sail and all.

Duff seemed to be abusing him, but the man knew what he was about. There was no time to be lost. His mate took Duff's oar, and in less than a quarter of a minute from the breakage they were steadily creeping out from under the point, perilously near, no doubt—within half-a-dozen boat-lengths, in fact—but not past hope.



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FELLOW PA

DRAWN BY CHARLES



PASSENGERS

BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Duff resumed his place astern. I saw him examine the broken tiller. It was past repairing.

Crowley meanwhile had reloaded and was selecting his mark. Again and again he half arose upon his elbows, his shoulder-blades working like those of a crouching cat. Everything depended upon this shot. If the boat could gain a hundred yards of offing she might yet escape. It was the crisis of the duel. From the top of a roller Duff tried a snapshot and missed; the boat subsided by the head as the wave tossed from under her, the rowers laying-out to their oars.

Crack! went Dan's rifle, and before the smoke had risen a yard, stroke fell backward from his thwart over the legs of bow, his oar severed just above the blade.

The man scrambled up and sat facing his comrade. Their heads dropped upon their knees. The game was up. They knew it. Crowley knew it, too. Laying aside his empty rifle, he rested his chin upon his folded arms and lay at ease awaiting the certain issue. He had kept his oath to the letter.

The moments drew out their tedious, horrible length. The doomed boat weltered helplessly.

Bracing himself with extended feet and knees for a last shot, Duff half raised his rifle again and again, but was balked by the irregular sidelong roll of the boat. Last, a fury of impatience scourging him to action, then or never, he got off four shots in half as many seconds, hurled the rifle from him, reeled down into

his seat, pulling his cap over his eyes, folded his arms, and turned his back upon his invisible enemy, and that all too visible horror of rock and foam.

Black despair was gnawing at his heart. I did not see him move again. The torture lengthened itself out interminably. During a lull of the wind the turning tide drew the boat out a fathom or two; then the gale freshened and in she came.

The whole transaction may have lasted ten minutes. To me, above there, watching like some pitying angel a crime he is helpless to prevent, the time seemed interminable.

When the ness shut in the boat I arose and scrambled out to a point which I hoped would afford me a better view, but all was over. The dinghy and what she had carried was gone—not a stove was floating.

From my new position I discovered a narrow path zigzagging down the face of the cliff, steep enough and hazardous in such a wind, but practicable.

With some pains I descended. Everything was clammy with quivering yellow sponges of blown foam; the roar and vibration of sea and hammered rock was in my ears as I worked my way along.

Crowley lay absorbed in thought; he had hardly moved since firing his last shot. Poor Dan! Ah, what would he do next? And what was my duty? This method of cutting the knot could hardly be held final even in Main Island. That the girl was hurt I

felt sure. In her panic haste to escape the coming bullets, she had probably struck and injured her head.

Clambering cautiously, making sure of every foothold, I reached her. She was crouched upon her knees, her limbs drawn under her, the upturned bare soles of her little feet peeping from beneath the hem of a meagre petticoat. I spoke to her, touched her; she neither stirred nor answered. Warm she was, but not so warm as I could have wished. Her face was hidden in her hands and her hair. I began to examine more closely. Ah! there it was! A round red hole above the little ear, and the thick black tresses which hid it sopped with blood.

This was terrible. "Crowley," I said, "this is a sad business." The wind was loud and my voice husky and unsteady. He did not reply.

"Dan, my dear man, you had better go for help while I stay with the child."

Still no answer. He seemed dazed, and no wonder; but it was necessary to rouse him. Shouting in his ear, I shook him by the shoulder. His head moved, slowly at first, then swiftly; it fell upon its side and lay as I have seen the head of a hare lie that had escaped the hounds but had died upon her form.

His face was wet with spray and wore a gentle, vacant expression. The wide blue eyes were just filming over. A sanguine trickle oozed from a hole in the centre of his forehead.

AN AMERICAN INVASION OF MOROCCO

How St. Louis's Commissioners visited his Majesty Abdul Aziz in the City of Fez, and came back alive, with \$50,000 in silver besides

By ALBERT H. DANFORTH

Assistant Commissioner from Morocco to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author



THE BAB HAROC GATE, FEZ

FOR A EUROPEAN to obtain an audience with the Sultan of Morocco is a difficult undertaking at any time, and at present, when rebellion has set the country in a turmoil almost up to the walls of Tangier, and intensified the hatred toward all Christians, the ruler is uncommonly inaccessible. But to extract cash from his Majesty Mulai Abdul Aziz has proved the hardest problem of all for the agents of foreign Governments who wait at his gates with claims for compensations of various sorts, to be put off interminably by the plea of an empty treasury. It is therefore a pleasure to record the successful mission recently finished by Mr. James W. S. Langerman and myself, in behalf of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, by which not only audience was held with the Sultan, but his cash contribution of \$50,000 paid over, safely conveyed to the coast, and banked in Tangier, where it awaits the disposition of the Exposition authorities.

Concessions had been promised Mr. Langerman by the Sultan, inspired by personal friendship, but there were obstacles in the way of asking him to make them good. Upon arriving in Tangier, we were told by Europeans that our mission was a hopeless one. The Sultan had removed his court from Fez, which was two hundred miles from Tangier, to a retreat at Taza, where he had never received a foreigner. The country was in an uproar, and even at the American legation cold water was showered on the project most lavishly. We had a letter from President Roosevelt to the Sultan, but even this was looked on as forgery, and our Vice-Consul-General cabled the State Department before he was easy in his mind that we were not adventurers. Other foreign residents, especially French and English, were vehement in their advice to abandon the trip, but they may have been biased by the fear that the Sultan's Treasury would yield to us what had been denied to their long-standing claims.

Sid Mohammed Torres, the Sultan's representative in Tangier, treated us with the utmost respect and distinction, but was not optimistic about our mission. He instructed the Captain of the Port to pass our baggage without examination, which was a relief, for we had a considerable amount of arms and ammunition, in which we were putting our trust rather than in the prayers of Sid Mohammed. Later he ordered our boxes to be searched for arms, with orders to confiscate them, but the intervention of a friend in the American Consulate prevented the mishap. These sudden changes of mind are not uncommon among Moorish officials, and it is possible that he was not over-anxious for us to proceed to Fez.

While in Tangier we could hear the rattle of rifle-fire from the sharpshooters of the Ahghera tribesmen, who were fighting the Sultan's troops to the eastward

Kumassi chiefs and most outlying chiefs received it. Everything most successful.

MOROCCO.
(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

TANGIER, OCT. 4.

The Sultan has given the second instalment of \$50,000 to the American syndicate which is undertaking the Moorish exhibit at the St. Louis Exhibition. This causes considerable adverse criticism here, as the Moorish Government, pleading the existing crisis, has refused to consider or to pay the claims of Europeans who have suffered loss of property through the rebellion. It is considered here that these claims should have been satisfied before the Sultan spent a large sum from the impoverished Treasury upon an unnecessary exhibit, especially as many of the poorer European claimants have been seriously affected by their losses, and some actually reduced to want.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, OCT. 4.

The Figaro publishes an account of an interesting interview with the Moorish Pretender written

From the London Times, October 5, 1903

of the city, and occasionally dense clouds of smoke were seen, from burning villages fired by the rebels.

Determined to make an attempt, Mr. Langerman went ahead with his preparations, and after many delays and obstacles, we set out from Tangier for Fez with a caravan protected by three hundred fighting men, picturesque ruffians whose fidelity was guaranteed only by their wages of fifty cents (Spanish) per day, which to them was wealth unheard of. In the caravan were many presents for the Sultan, including an American pacer, Edward W., with a record of 2:10, a bicycle sulky of the latest model, phonographs, other mechanical novelties, and some electrical appliances. There was also a Missouri mule, the first ever seen



SOLDIERS AND CAMP FOLLOWERS NEAR TAZA

peaceful, and then a night was made lively by a raid of the bandit Rasouli, who burned a village a few hundred yards from the caravan camp, killed some women and children and ran away. The heat of one hundred and fourteen to one hundred and twenty degrees under the blazing sun made marching wearisome, and we were glad to reach Alcazar, the only town of any size between Tangier and Fez.

There, opposition to our plans was more vigorous than at the coast, and was led by the British Vice-Consul. He said that the undertaking was worse than a forlorn hope, and that, because of a new outbreak of fanaticism, the Sultan had sent away all the European members of his Government, fifteen in all. We were sufficiently impressed by the gossip in Alcazar to pick up a hundred additional troops, armed with flintlock guns, clubs, and spears. On the next day's march, after camp was made, signal lights blazed from the hill-tops, to tell the tribesmen of the approach of the caravan, and the accidental discharge of a rifle in the night set our guard into a yelling, seething turmoil.

There was cause to remember this next day. In the morning, two Moorish servants were sent ahead with a basket of luncheon in order that we might pick up a meal on the wing without having to halt the caravan.

A little before noon, as was learned later, they came to a high rock on the plain which marked the parting of two roads. They went on toward the left, expecting us to follow. But, by the advice of our guides, the caravan swerved along the left-hand road toward a village, and through a comparatively peaceful country. The two servants failed to appear, and soldiers were sent back to look for them.

Meantime we reached Fez, and were told by Sid Hadj Omar Tazee, the Ameer of Fez, and brother of the Minister of Finance, that it was impossible to interview the Sultan under any circumstances. His Majesty was at Taza, and we must either wait at the capital until his return or go back to Tangier and transact our business through the officials there. The latter plan was strongly urged, and it was a case of any scheme so long as it would get us out of the way. We announced that we would wait in Fez,

that we had come that far, and that there was no thought of going back empty-handed to Tangier.

Then began a game of hide-and-seek, according to the fashion of the land. Every day word was received that the Sultan would return in ten days. It was learned that the Belgian Minister had been waiting a solid year for that "ten days" to show signs of a finish. Our letters to the Sultan were not delivered, and messages were received from the Grand Vizier that it was out of the question for us to have an audience, and that he had instructed the proper official to furnish



SOLDIERS OF THE SULTAN'S ARMY AND HIS CAMP AT TAZA

in Morocco, and there were no doubts about his ability to endure any possible hardships of any campaign. Mr. Langerman knew what sort of gifts would please the fancy of the Sultan, and this far-famed product of Missouri was well up at the top of the list. There were seventy pack-mules and camels in the caravan.

In Morocco, everybody is trying to keep everybody else away from the Sultan, and all information is so warped with suspicion and intrigue that the one way to learn the facts was to go ahead and find them out for ourselves. The first three days toward Fez were



THE GOVERNOR OF FEZ



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF FEZ



REBELS' HEADS NAILED TO THE WALLS

us with mules and escort in order to facilitate the immediate return to Tangier.

This farce went on for a week, messengers going to and fro daily and no progress visible. Finally the trusted messenger of our party was sent direct to the Sultan eighty miles away, with a letter from Mr. Langerman.

This turned the tide, and the hardest problem, that of reaching the Sultan, was accomplished. He replied at once, sending his personal representative to arrange for the trip and meeting. It was all done with the least possible display, in order to avoid excitement, as no Christian had ever gone to Taza. The party slipped out of Fez at daylight with a few picked men sent by the Sultan. After a hard ride the camp was reached, an army of about thirty thousand men stretching along the low hills between Taza and Fez. The tents of the royal household were pitched so as to form a great circle, in the centre of which was the Sultan's tent, surrounded by a high canvas wall, both lavishly ornamented with Arabesque figures. The Sultan wished to keep the audience as secret as possible, and the visit lasted less than an hour. The ruler, a young man of about twenty-five, sat on cushions at one side of the tent and made no display of his retinue. He received us pleasantly, and was cordial to Mr. Langerman, as one old friend to another. There was a brief conference about the Exposition, in which the Sultan confessed

he had the scantiest interest, and the substance of his views was expressed as follows:

"I promised to give Mr. Langerman money, and here is an order for it. But I don't care whether he spends the fifty thousand dollars on an exhibit or sticks it in his own pocket. That is wholly immaterial, though I don't understand why he doesn't keep it himself. I am sure I have no objections. As for the St. Louis Exposition, I take it for granted that it is a great event, but I don't know where St. Louis is, except that it is in the United States."

The Sultan then seemed slightly ruffled as he remarked, after signing the order on his treasury:

"Now that matter is settled to our satisfaction, please tell this President Francis, whoever he is, not to send me any more letters about the Exposition. I don't want to know anything more about it, and I don't see why this stranger persists in sending me a lot of useless information. I have to have his letters translated and then read to me, and find it is all time wasted."

The \$50,000 was promptly paid in Fez, in Spanish and Moroccan silver coin, and the mass of bullion burdened twenty pack-mules. The Sultan instructed the sorrowful Minister of Finance to send a special escort, and to take all possible measures to get the caravan safely to the coast. At Tangier the silver was put in a bank, and, when counted, was found to be three hundred dollars short, with three hundred dollars counter-

feit—a trifling loss, considering the risks encountered during the course of the transaction.

Mr. Langerman expected to return to America with me, but at Gibraltar he was overtaken by a special boat bearing a message from the Sultan, asking him to return to Fez and discuss important matters in which his advice would be valued. He accepted the invitation, and was with the Sultan when last heard from. The success of the mission was not a popular topic among the European agents at Tangier. It was considered a most inconsiderate act on the part of the Sultan to give \$50,000 for an exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition when so many claims were begging for settlement. The agitation was sufficient to inspire a cable despatch in the London "Times," reproduced herewith, in which the European residents voiced their indignation.

I found considerable trouble in taking the photographs which accompany this article, because in Morocco a camera is looked upon as a diabolical machine, casting upon the Moors who behold it the spell of the evil eye. We were the last Christians to leave Fez, following a few days after all the Europeans in the Government service, who were ordered to Tangier because of the outburst, especially among the tribes in rebellion, against the Christian and all his works. The exhibit at St. Louis will be the first participation by Morocco in any foreign Exposition.



Rogers—End



Berthke—Guard



Strathern—Centre



Phillips—Guard



Schacht—Tackle



Harris—Quarter

FOOTBALL IN THE MIDDLE WEST

By WALTER CAMP

THE STRONGEST ELEVEN, to be composed of players selected from the University teams of the Middle West, would line up thus: End, Redden, Michigan; tackle, Maddock, Michigan; guard, Berthke, Wisconsin; centre, Strathern, Minnesota; guard, Phillips, Northwestern; tackle, Schacht, Minnesota; end, Rogers, Minnesota; quarter, Harris, Minnesota; half, Heston, Michigan; half, Irsfield, Minnesota; back, Salmon, Notre Dame.

Redden of Michigan and Rogers of Minnesota make the two ends on this aggregation. There were others worthy of consideration on any team—as, for instance, Abbott and Catlin—but the two selected are men who played in their important games that reliable, steady, intuitive style which does so much to make it possible for the rest of the team to come up to the very best work without that fear and trembling which sometimes is caused by the work of a brilliant but erratic end. Redden is heavy and fast, breaks interference well, and tackles hard. Rogers is an Indian, experienced, quick, and certain.

There is little choice as to the two tackles on this team. These places would be conceded even by the most ardent partisan of other teams. Schacht of Minnesota and Maddock of Michigan are two powerful ground-gainers, strong on defence and in breaking up plays, and both showing well in their final and important contests. Curtis of Michigan promises to be a star tackle in another season, and in fact his work at times was as good as that of any other man on the gridiron. In the guards, the proposition is not so simple as that

of tackles, but on the work displayed both on attack and defence, and particularly in good support, the two men who should be chosen are Berthke of Wisconsin and Phillips of Northwestern, closely pushed by Roth-

THE ALL-WESTERN TEAM

End	REDDEN, Michigan
Tackle	MADDOCK, Michigan
Guard	BERTHKE, Wisconsin
Centre	STRATHERN, Minnesota
Guard	PHILLIPS, Northwestern
Tackle	SCHACHT, Minnesota
End	ROGERS, Minnesota
Quarter	HARRIS, Minnesota
Half	HESTON, Michigan
Half	IRSFIELD, Minnesota
Back	SALMON, Notre Dame

geb of Illinois and Warren. Phillips is another Indian, and as he would not play against Carlisle, Northwestern's line was correspondingly weakened. That game also showed what a large part Phillips had been in Northwestern's defence.

For the pivotal position, Strathern of Minnesota has

earned the place by steady passing, secure blocking, and general reliability. Gregory of Michigan should come next.

The race for quarter-back is certainly a close one between Harris of Minnesota and Eckersall of Chicago, the latter, however, showing up poorly in his final and most important game, save in his tackling, which was phenomenally good. Condition undoubtedly played a part in this, and another year matters may be very different. Harris is a field general, punts well enough to be quite serviceable in this department, handles the ball splendidly, especially in close plays, and altogether is a man in whose general work there are no flaws. It is probably in generalship that at present he most out-classes his rival, Eckersall, although the latter's kicking in the important contest with Michigan was poor.

In the back field there is a superfluity of riches. Heston of Michigan stands out as by all odds the best of the lot. He weighs just over 180 pounds, can cover 100 yards in 10-2-5, dodges as cleverly as Metcalf and Chadwick of Yale's team of 1902, and is a tower of strength in defensive work. After him, however, there are many first-class men, but the nearest to a running mate for him is Irsfield of Minnesota, strong on defence, good in attack, and always in the play.

For full-back, Salmon of Notre Dame is one of the hardest line-hitters in the country, and seems to be non-breakable, and that is a great point in his favor. Let us finally add that of other most attractive men for the back field who could be substituted in case

(Continued on page 25)

THE BORDERLAND

By WINSTON
CHURCHILL

THE STORY

THE BORDERLAND, begun in Collier's for December 5, is the first book of Mr. Churchill's new novel, *The Crossing*. It deals with the Louisiana Purchase period, and is the complete story of George Rogers Clark's famous campaign of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. It tells of the life of those pioneers who, under Clark's leadership, captured from the British and savages that great territory which now comprises the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. It will be published in twelve weekly parts. The story is told by David Ritchie, a canny youngster of Scotch descent, who, left an orphan, drifted with the tide across the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, saw the brutalities of the fighting in the log forts, and went through the campaign with Clark's men to Kaskaskia and Vincennes as the pet of the regiment.



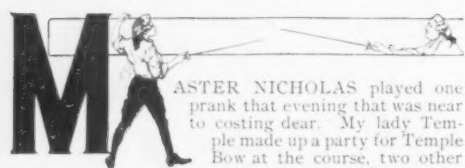
MR. RIDDLE CAME NEAR RUNNING DOWN MY PONY

Author of "The Crisis,"
"Richard Carvel," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PARTS

DAVID RITCHIE, a boy of ten at the time of the opening of the story (1775), lives with his father, a frontiersman, in the Blue Ridge country, near the source of the Yadkin River. News reaches them that the Cherokees, abetted by the British, are on the warpath, and Ritchie decides to join in fighting the enemy, but first takes his son to Charlestown, there placing him under the care of one Temple. From his new home David witnesses the bombardment of the fort by British ships. To the boy's delight, the attack is repulsed. His host meanwhile, suspected of political equivocation, has fled the city and taken refuge with the British fleet at anchor in the harbor. In observance of his father's implied wishes, David is now sent out to Temple's country seat, where he meets Temple's son, young Nicholas.

CHAPTER V.—Cram's Hell (Continued)



MASTER NICHOLAS played one prank that evening that was near to costing dear. My lady Temple made up a party for Temple Bow at the course, two other coaches to come and some gentlemen riding. As Nick and I were running through the paddock we came suddenly upon Mr. Harry Riddle and a stout, swarthy gentleman standing together. The stout gentleman was counting out big gold pieces in his hand and giving them to Mr. Riddle.

"Lucky dog!" said the stout gentleman; "you'll ride back with her, and you've won all I've got." And he dug Mr. Riddle in the ribs.

"You'll have it again when we play to-night, Darnley," answered Mr. Riddle crossly. "And as for the seat in the coach, you are welcome to it. That firebrand of a lad is on the front seat."

"D—n the lad," said the stout gentleman. "I'll take it, and you can ride my horse. He'll—he'll carry you, I reckon." His voice had a way of cracking into a mellow laugh.

At that Mr. Riddle went off in a towering bad humor, and afterward I heard him cursing the stout gentleman's black groom as he mounted his great horse. And then he cursed the horse as it reared and plunged, while the stout gentleman stood at the coach door, cackling at his discomfiture. The gentleman did ride home with Mrs. Temple, Nick going into another coach. I afterward discovered that the gentleman had bribed him with a guinea. And Mr. Riddle more than once came near running down my pony on his big charger, and he swore at me roundly too.

That night there was a gay supper party in the big dining-room at Temple Bow. Nick and I looked on from the gallery window. It was a pretty sight. The long mahogany board reflecting the yellow flames of the candles, and spread with bright silver and shining dishes loaded with dainties, the gentlemen and ladies in brilliant dress, the hurrying servants—all were of a new and strange world to me. And presently, after the ladies were gone, the gentlemen tossed off their wine and roared over their jokes, and followed into the drawing-room. This I noticed, that only Mr. Harry Riddle sat silent and morose, and that he had drunk more than the others.

"Come, Davy," said Nick to me, "let's go and watch them again."

"But how?" I asked. For the drawing-room windows were up some distance from the ground, and there was no gallery on that side.

"I'll show you," said he, running into the garden. After searching a while in the dark, he found a ladder the gardener had left against a tree; after much straining, we carried the ladder to the house and set it up under one of the windows of the drawing-room. Then we both clambered cautiously to the top and looked in.

The company were at cards, silent, save for a low remark now and again. The little tables were ranged along by the windows, and it chanced that Mr. Harry Riddle sat so close to us that we could touch him. On his right sat Mr. Darnley, the stout gentleman, and two ladies in the other seats. Between Mr. Riddle and Mr. Darnley was a pile of silver and gold pieces. There was not room for two of us in comfort at the top of the ladder, so I gave place to Nick and sat on a lower rung. Presently I saw him raise himself, reach in, and duck quickly.

"Feel that," he whispered to me, chuckling and holding out his hand.

It was full of money.

"But that's stealing, Nick," I said, frightened.

"Of course I'll give it back," he whispered indignantly.

Instantly there came loud words and the scraping of chairs within the room, and a woman's scream. I heard Mr. Riddle's voice say thickly, amid the silence that followed: "Mr. Darnley, you're a d—d thief, sir."

"You shall answer for this, when you are sober, sir," said Mr. Darnley.

Then there came more scraping of chairs, all the

company talking excitedly at once. Nick and I scrambled to the ground, and we did the very worst thing we could possibly have done. We took the ladder away.

There was little sleep for me that night. I had first of all besought Nick to go up into the drawing-room and give the money back. But some strange obstinacy in him resisted.

"'Twill serve Harry well for what he did to-day," said he.

My next thought was to find Mr. Mason, but he was gone up the river to visit a sick parishioner. I had seen enough of the world to know that gentlemen fought for less than what had occurred in the drawing-room that evening. And though I had neither love nor admiration for Mr. Riddle, and though the stout gentleman was no friend of mine, I cared not to see either of them killed for a prank. But Nick would not listen to me, and went to sleep in the midst of my urgings.

"Davy," said he, pinching me, "do you know what you are?"

"No," said I.

"You're a granny," he said. And that was the last word I could get out of him. But I lay awake a long time, thinking. Breed had whiled away for me one hot morning in Charlestown with an account of the gentry and their doings, many of which he related in an old whisper that I could not understand. They were wild doings indeed to me. But strangest of all seemed the duels, conducted with a decorum and ceremony as rigorous as the law.

"Did you ever see a duel, Breed?" I had asked.

"Yessah," said Breed, dramatically, rolling the whites of his eyes.

"Where?"

"Whah? Down on de river bank at Temple Bow in de early mornin'. Dey mos' commonly fights at de dawn."

Breed had also told me where he was in hiding at the time, and that was what troubled me. Try as I would, I could not remember. It had sounded like *Clam Shell*. That I recalled, and how Breed had looked out at the sword-play through the cracks of the closed shutters, agonized between fear of ghosts within and the drama without. At the first faint light that came into our window I awakened Nick.

"Listen," I said; "do you know a place called *Clam Shell*?"

He turned over, but I punched him persistently until he sat up.

"What the deuce ails you, Davy?" he asked, rubbing his eyes. "Have you nightmare?"

"Do you know a place called *Clam Shell*, down on the river bank, Nick?"

"Why?" he replied. "You must be thinking of Cram's Hell."

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's a house that used to belong to Cram, who was an overseer. The niggers hated him, and he was killed in bed by a big black nigger chief from Africa. The niggers won't go near the place. They say it's haunted."

"Get up," said I; "we're going there now."

Nick sprang out of bed and began to get into his clothes. "Is it a game?" he asked.

"Yes." He was always ready for a game.

We climbed out of the window, and made our way in the mist through the long, wet grass, Nick leading. He took a path through a dark forest swamp, over logs that spanned the stagnant waters, and at length, just as the mist was growing pearly in the light, we came out at a tumble-down house that stood in an open glade by the river's bank.

"What's to do now?" said Nick.

"We must get into the house," I answered. But I confess I didn't care for the looks of it.

Nick stared at me.

"Very good, Davy," he said; "I'll follow where you go."

It was a Saturday morning. Why I recall this I do not know. It has no special significance.

I tried the door. With a groan and a shriek it gave way, disclosing the blackness inside. We started back involuntarily. I looked at Nick, and Nick at me. He was very pale, and so must I have been. But such was the respect we each held for the other's courage that neither dared flinch. And so I walked in, although it seemed as if my shirt was made of needle points and

my hair stood on end. The crackings of the old floor were to me like the shots in Charlestown Bay. Our hearts beating wildly, we made our way into a further room. It was like walking into the beyond.

"Is there a window here?" I asked Nick, my voice sounding like a shout.

"Yes, ahead of us."

Groping for it, I suddenly received a shock that set me reeling. Human nature could stand no more. We both turned tail and ran out of the house as fast as we could, and stood in the wet grass panting. Then shame came.

"Let's open the window first," I suggested. So we walked around the house and pried the solid shutter from its fastenings. Then, gathering our courage, we went in again at the door. In the dim light let into the further room we saw a four-poster bed, old and cheap, with ragged curtains. It was this that I had struck in my groping.

"The chief killed Cram there," said Nick, in an awed voice, "in that bed. What do you want to do here, Davy?"

"Wait," I said, though I had as little mind to wait as ever in my life. "Stand here by the window."

We waited there. The mist rose. The sun peeped over the bank of dense green forest and spread rainbow colors on the still waters of the river. Now and again a fish broke, and a great bird swooped down and slit the surface. A far-off snatch of melody came to our ears—the slaves were going to work. Nothing more. And little by little grave misgivings gnawed at my soul of the wisdom of coming to this place. Doubtless there were many other spots.

"Davy," said Nick, at last, "I'm sorry I took that money. What are we here for?"

"Hush!" I whispered; "do you hear anything?"

"No."

I did, and distinctly. For I had been brought up in the forest.

"I hear voices," he said presently, "coming this way."

They were very clear to me by then. Emerging from the forest path were five gentlemen. The leader, more plainly dressed than the others, carried a leather case. Behind him was the stout figure of Mr. Darnley, his face solemn; and last of all came Mr. Harry Riddle, very pale, but cutting the tops of the long grass with a switch. Nick seized my arm.

"They are going to fight," said he.

"Yes," I replied, "and we are here to stop them, now."

"No, not now," he said, holding me still. "We'll have some more fun out of this yet."

"Fun?" I echoed.

"Yes," he said excitedly. "Leave it to me. I won't let them fight."

And that instant we changed generals, David giving place to Nicholas.

Mr. Riddle retired with one gentleman to a side of the little patch of grass, and Mr. Darnley and a friend to another. The fifth gentlemen took a position halfway between the two, and, opening the leather case, laid it down on the grass, where its contents glistened. "That's Dr. Ball," whispered Nick. And his voice shook with excitement.

Mr. Riddle stripped off his coat and waistcoat and ruffles, and his sword-belt, and Mr. Darnley did the same. Both gentlemen drew their swords and advanced to the middle of the lawn, and stood opposite one another, with flowing linen shirts open at the throat and bared heads. They were indeed a contrast. Mr. Riddle, tall and white, with closed lips, glared at his opponent. Mr. Darnley cut a merrier figure—rotund and flushed, with fat calves and short arms, though his countenance was sober enough. All at once the two were circling their swords in the air, and then Nick had flung open the shutter and leaped through the window, and was running and shouting toward the astonished gentlemen, all of whom wheeled to face him. He jingled as he ran.

"What in the devil's name now?" cried Mr. Riddle angrily. "Here's this imp again."

Nicholas stopped in front of him, and, thrusting his hand in his breeches pocket, fished out a handful of gold and silver, which he held out to the confounded Mr. Riddle.

"Harry," said he, "here's something of yours I found last night."

"You found?" echoed Mr. Riddle, in a strange voice, amid a dead silence. "You found where?"

"On the table beside you."

"And where the deuce were you?" Mr. Riddle demanded.

"In the window behind you," said Nick calmly.

This piece of information, to Mr. Riddle's plain discomfiture, was greeted with a roar of laughter, Mr. Darnley himself laughing loudest. Nor were these gentlemen satisfied with that. They crowded around Mr. Riddle and slapped him on the back, Mr. Darnley joining in with the rest. And presently Mr. Riddle flung away his sword, and laughed, too, giving his hand to Mr. Darnley.

At length Mr. Darnley turned to Nick, who had stood all this while behind them, unmoved.

"My friend," said he seriously, "such is your regard for human life, you will probably one day be a pirate or an outlaw. This time we've had a laugh. The next time somebody will be weeping. I wish I were your father."

"I wish you were," said Nick.

This took Mr. Darnley's breath. He glanced at the other gentlemen, who returned his look significantly. He laid his hand kindly on the lad's head.

"Nick," said he, "I wish to God I were your father." After that they all went home, very merry, to breakfast, Nick and I coming after them. Nick was silent until we reached the house.

"Davy," said he, then, "how old are you?"

"Ten," I answered. "How old did you believe me?"

"Eighty," said he.

The next day, being Sunday, we all gathered in the little church to hear Mr. Mason preach. Nick and I sat in the high box pew of the family with Mrs. Temple, who paid not the least attention to the sermon. As for me, the rhythm of it held me in fascination. Mr. Mason had written it out and that afternoon read over this part of it to Nick. The quotation I recall, having since read it many times, and the gist of it was in this wise:

"And he said unto him, 'What thou wilt have thou wilt have, despite the sin of it. Blessed are the stolid, and thrice cursed he who hath imagination—for that imagination shall devour him. And in thy life a sin shall be presented unto thee with a great longing. God, who is in heaven, gird thee for that struggle, my son, for it will surely come. That it may be said of you, 'Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver, I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.' Seven days shalt thou wrestle with thy soul; seven nights shall evil haunt thee, and how thou shalt come forth from that struggle no man may know."

CHAPTER VI.—Man Proposes, but God Disposes

A WEEK passed, and another Sunday came—a Sunday so still and hot and moist that steam seemed to rise from the heavy trees—an idle day for master and servant alike. A hush was in the air, and a presage of we knew not what. It weighed upon my spirits, and even Nick's, and we wandered restlessly under the trees, seeking for distraction.

About two o'clock a black line came on the horizon, and slowly crept higher until it broke into giant, fantastic shapes. Mutterings arose, but the sun shone hot as ever.

"We're to have a hurricane," said Nick. "I wish we might have it and be done with it."

At five the sun went under. I remember that Madame was looting listless in the garden, daintily arrayed in fine linen, trying to talk to Mr. Mason, when a sound startled us. It was the sound of swift hoof-beats on the soft drive.

Mrs. Temple got up, an unusual thing. Perchance she was expecting a message from some of the gentlemen; or else she may well have been tired of Mr. Mason. Nick and I were before her, and, running through the house, arrived at the portico in time to see a negro ride up on a horse covered with lather.

It was the same negro who had fetched me hither from Mr. Lowndes. And when I saw him my heart stood still lest he had brought news of my father.

"What's to do, boy?" cried Nicholas to him.

The boy held in his hand a letter with a great red seal.

"Fo' Mistis Temple," he said, and, looking at me queerly, he took off his cap as he jumped from the horse. Mistress Temple herself having arrived, he handed her the letter. She took it and broke the seal carelessly.

"Oh," she said, "it's only from Mr. Lowndes. I wonder what he wishes now."

Every moment of her reading was for me an agony, and she read slowly. The last words she spoke aloud:

"If you do not wish the lad, send him to me, as Kate is very fond of him." So Kate is very fond of him," she repeated. And handing the letter to Mr. Mason, she added, "Tell him, Parson."

The words burned into my soul and seared it. And to this day I tremble with anger as I think of them. The scene comes before me: the sky, the darkened portico, and Nicholas running after his mother crying, "Oh, mamma, how could you! How could you!"

Mr. Mason bent over me in compassion and smoothed my hair.

"David," said he, in a thick voice, "you are a brave boy, David. You will need all your courage now, my son. May God keep your nature sweet!"

He led me gently into the arbor and told me how, under Captain Baskin, the detachment had been ambushed by the Cherokees. And how my father, with Ensign Calhoun and another, had been killed, fighting

bravely. The rest of the company had cut their way through and reached the settlements after terrible hardships. I was left an orphan.

I shall not dwell here on the bitterness of those moments. We have all known sorrows in our lives—great sorrows. The clergyman was a wise man, and did not strive to comfort me with words. But he sat there under the leaves with his arm about me until a blinding bolt split the blackness of the sky and the thunder rent our ears, and a Caribbean storm broke over Temple Bow with all the fury of the tropics. Then he led me through the drenching rain into the house, nor heeded the wet himself on his Sunday coat.

A great anger stayed me in my sorrow. I would no longer tarry under Mrs. Temple's roof, though the world without were a sea or a desert. The one resolution to escape rose stronger and stronger within me, and I determined neither to eat nor sleep until I had got away. The thought of leaving Nick was heavy indeed; and when he ran to me in the dark hall and threw his arms around me, it needed all my strength to keep from crying aloud.

"Davy," he said passionately, "Davy, you mustn't mind what she says. She never means anything she says—she never cares for anything save her pleasure. You and I will stay here until we are old enough to run away to Kentucky. Davy! Answer me, Davy!"

I could not, try as I would. There were no words that would come with honesty. But I pulled him down on the mahogany settle near the door which led into the back gallery, and there we sat huddled together in silence, while the storm raged furiously outside and the draughts banged the great doors of the house. In the lightning flashes I saw Nick's face, and it haunted me afterward through many years of wandering. On it was written a sorrow for me greater than my own sorrow. For God had given to this lad every human passion and compassion.

The storm rolled away with the night, and Mammy came through the hall with a candle.

"Whah is you, Marse Nick? Whah is you, honey? You' suppah's ready."

And so we went into our little dining-room, but I would not eat. The good old negress brushed her eyes with her apron as she pressed a cake upon me she had made herself, for she had grown fond of me. And presently we went away silently to bed.

It was a long, long time before Nick's breathing told me that he was asleep. He held me tightly clutched to him, and I know that he feared I would leave him. The thought of going broke my heart, but I never once wavered in my resolve, and I lay staring into the darkness, pondering what to do. I thought of good Mr. Lowndes and his wife, and I decided to go to Charlestown. Some of my boyish motives came back to me now: I should be near Nick; and even at that age—having lived a life of self-reliance—I thought of gaining an education and of rising to a place of trust. Yes, I would go to Mr. Lowndes, and ask him to let me work for him and so earn my education.

With a heavy spirit I crept out of bed, slowly disengaging Nick's arm lest he should wake. He turned over and sighed in his sleep. Carefully I dressed myself, and after I was dressed I could not refrain from slipping to the bedside to bend over him once again—for he was the only one in my life with whom I had found true companionship. Then I climbed carefully out of the window, and so down the corner of the house to the ground.

It was starlight, and a waning moon hung in the sky. I made my way through the drive between the black shadows of the forest, and came at length to the big gates at the entrance, locked for the night. A strange thought of their futility struck me as I climbed the rail

fence beside them, and pushed on into the main road, the mud sucking under my shoes as I went. As I try now to cast my memory back I can recall no fear, only a vast sense of loneliness, and the very song of it seemed to be sung in never-ending refrain by the insects of the night. I had been alone in the mountains before. I have crossed great strips of wilderness since, but always

there was love to go back to. Then I was leaving the only being in the world that remained to me.

I must have walked two hours or more before I came to the mire of a cross-road, and there I stood in a quandary of doubt as to which side led to Charlestown.

As I lingered a light began to tremble in the heavens. A cock crew in the distance. I sat down on a fallen log to rest. But presently, as the light grew, I heard shouts which drew nearer and deeper and brought me to my feet in an uncertainty of expectation. Next came the rattling of chains, the scramble of hoofs in the mire, and here was a wagon with a big canvas cover. Beside the straining horses was a great, burly man with a red beard, cracking his long whip, and calling to the horses in a strange tongue. He stopped still beside his panting animals when he saw me, his high boots

sunk in the mud. "Gut morning, poy," he said, wiping his red face with his sleeve; "what you do here?"

"I am going to Charlestown," I answered.

"Ach!" he cried, "dot is pad. Mein poy, he run away. You are ein gut poy, I know. I vill pay ein gut price to help me vit mein wagon—ja."

"Where are you going?" I demanded with a sudden wavering.

"Up country—pack country. You know der Broad River—yes?"

No, I did not. But a longing came upon me for the old backwoods life, with its freedom and self-reliance, and a hatred for this steaming country of heat and violent storms, and artificiality and pomp. And I had a desire, even at that age, to make my own way in the world. "What will you give me?" I asked.

At that he put his finger to his nose.

"Thruppence py the day."

I shook my head. He looked at me queerly.

"How old you pe—twelve, yes?"

Now I had no notion of telling him. So I said: "Is this the Charlestown road?"

"Fourpence!" he cried, "dot is riches."

"I will go for sixpence," I answered.

"Mein Gott!" he cried, "sixpence. Dot is robbery." But seeing me obdurate, he added: "I vill give it, because ein poy I must have. Vat is your name—Tavid. You are ein sharp poy, Tavid." And so I went with him.

In writing a biography, the relative value of days and years should hold. There are days which count in space for years, and years for days. I spent the time on the whole happily with this Dutchman, whose name was Hans Köppel. He talked merrily save when he spoke of the war against England, and then contemptuously, for he was a bitter English partisan. And in contrast to this he would dwell for hours on a king he called Friedrich der Grosse, and a war he waged that was a war. And how this mighty king had fought a mighty queen at Rossbach and Leuthen in his own country—battles that were battles.

"And you were there, Hans?" I asked him once.

"Ja," he said, "but I did not stay."

"You ran away?"

"Ja," Hans would answer, laughing, "run away. I love peace, Tavid. Dot is vy I come here, and now," bitterly, "and now ve haf var again once."

I would say nothing; but I must have looked my disapproval, for he went on to explain that in Sax-Gotha where he was born, men were made to fight whether they would or no. And they were stolen from their wives at night by soldiers of the great king, or lured away by fair promises.

Traveling with incredible slowness, in due time we came to a county called Orangeburg, where all were Dutchmen like Hans, and very few spoke English. And they all thought like Hans, and loved peace, and hated the Congress. On Sundays, as we lay over at the taverns, these would be filled with a rollicking crowd of fiddlers and dancers, quaintly dressed, the women bringing their children and babies. At such times Hans would be drunk, and I would have to feed the tired horses and mount watch over the cargo. I had many adventures, but none worth the telling here. And at length we came to Hans's farm, in a prettily rolling country on the Broad River. Hans's wife spoke no English at all, nor did the brood of children running about the house. I had small fancy for staying in such a place, and so Hans paid me two crowns for my three weeks' service; I think, with real regret, for labor was scarce in those parts, and though I was young, I knew how to work. And I could at least have guided his plow in the furrow and cared for his cattle.



... TRYING TO TALK TO MR. MASON



I SAT DOWN ON A FALLEN LOG TO REST

It was the first money I had earned in my life, and a prouder day than many I have had since.

For the convenience of travelers passing that way, Hans kept a tavern—if it could have been dignified by such a name. It was in truth merely a log house with shakendowns, and stood across the rude road from his log farmhouse. And he gave me leave to sleep there and to work for my board until I cared to leave. It so chanced that on the second day after my arrival a pack-train came along, guided by a nettlesome old man and a strong, black-haired lass of sixteen or thereabout. The old man, whose name was Ripley, wore a nut-brown hunting-shirt trimmed with red cotton; and he had no sooner slipped the packs from his horses than he began to rail at Hans, who stood looking on.

"You damned Dutchmen be all Tories and worse," he cried; "you stay here and till your farms while our boys are off in the hill towns fighting Cherokees. I wish the devils had every one of your fat sculps. Polly Ann, water the nags."

Hans replied to this sally with great vigor, lapsing into Dutch. Polly Ann led the scrawny ponies to the trough, but her eyes snapped with merriment as she listened. She was a wonderfully comely lass, despite her loose cotton gown and poke-bonnet and the shoe-packs on her feet. She had blue eyes, the whitest, strongest of teeth, and the rosiest of faces.

"Gran'pa hates a Dutchman wuss'n pizen," she said to me. "So do I. We've all been burned out and sculped up river—and they never give us so much as a man or a measure of corn."

I helped her feed the animals, and tether them, and loose their bells for the night, and carry the packs under cover.

"All the boys is gone to join Rutherford and lam the Indians," she continued, "so Gran'pa and I had to go to the settlements. There wahn't any one else. What's your name?" she demanded suddenly. I told her.

She sat down on a log at the corner of the house and

pulled me down beside her. "And whar be you from?" I told her. It was impossible to look into her face and not tell her. She listened eagerly, now with compassion, and now showing her white teeth in amusement. And when I had done, much to my discomfiture, she seized me in her strong arms and kissed me.

"Poor Davy," she cried, "you ain't got a home. You shall come home with us."

Catching me by the hand, she ran like a deer across the road to where her grandfather was still quarreling violently with Hans, and pulled him backward by the skirts of his hunting-shirt. I looked for another and mightier explosion from the old backwoodsman, but to my astonishment he seemed to forget Hans's existence, and turned and smiled on her benevolently.

"Polly Ann," said he, "what be you about now?" "Gran'pa," said she, "here's Davy Trimble, who's a good boy, and his pa is just killed by the Cherokees along with Baskin, and he wants work and a home, and he's comin' along with us."

"All right, David," answered Mr. Ripley mildly, "ef Polly Ann says so, you kin come. Whar was you raised?" I told him on the upper Yadkin. "You don't tell me," said he. "Did ye ever know Dan'l Boone?"

"I did, indeed, sir," I answered, my face lighting up. "Can you tell me where he is now?"

"He's gone to Kaintuckee, them new settlements, fer good. And ef I wasn't eighty years old, I'd go thar too."

"I reckon I'll go thar when I'm married," said Polly Ann, and blushed redder than ever. Drawing me to her, she said, "I'll take you, too, Davy."

"When you marry that worthless Tom McChesney," said her grandfather testily.

"He's not worthless," said Polly hotly. "He's the best man in Rutherford's army. He'll git more sculps than any of 'em—you see."

"Tavy is ein gut poy," Hans put in, for he had re-

covered his composure. "I wish much he stay mit me."

As for me, Polly Ann never consulted me on the subject—nor had she need to. I would have followed her to kingdom come, and at the thought of reaching the mountains my heart leaped with joy. We all slept in the one flea-infested, windowless room of the "tavern" that night; and before dawn I was up and untethered the horses, and Polly Ann and I together lifted the two bushels of alum salt on one of the beasts and the plowshare on the other. By daylight we had left Hans and his farm forever.

I can see the lass now, as she strode along the trace by the flowing river, through sunlight and shadow, straight and supple and strong. Sometimes she sang like a bird and the forest rang. Sometimes she would make fun of her grandfather or of me; and again she would be silent for an hour at a time, staring ahead, and then I knew she was thinking of that Tom McChesney. She would wake from those reveries with a laugh, and give me a push to send me rolling down a bank.

"What's the matter, Davy? you look as solemn as a wood-owl. What a little wisecrack you be!"

Once I retorted, "You were thinking of that Tom McChesney."

"Ay, that she was, I'll warrant," snapped her grandfather.

Polly Ann replied, with a merry peal of laughter, "You are both jealous of Tom—both of you. But, Davy, when you see him you'll love him as much as I do."

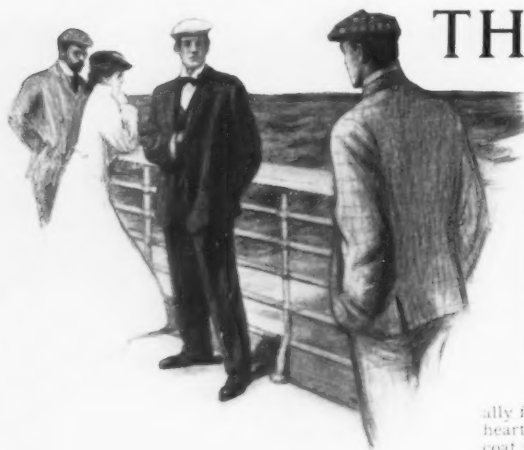
"I'll not," I said sturdily.

"He's a man to look upon—"

"He's a rip-roarer," old man Ripley put in. "Ye're daft about him."

"That I am," said Polly, flushing and subsiding; "but he'll not know it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



I SAW HIS HAND STEAL TO THE SPOT OVER HIS HEART

PART TWO

I MUST say that he was apparently as much surprised at the meeting as myself, and his face showed his feelings plainly. At that instant I knew in my heart that he had been associated in some way with the robbery of the flawless emerald. I was sure of it. He knew its great value, he had been at the stage-door when the gem was stolen, and he was, like myself, a passenger on board the first steamer to leave New York after the robbery. I walked up the deck, and then turning, followed him at a considerable distance. Un-suspected, I at last saw him go into a deck stateroom. Then I sat down on somebody's steamer-chair and waited. When the bugle blew for lunch I took my stand near the gangway, and, having seen him pass safely into the dining saloon, I started at once for his stateroom. The door was open, and the whole place was strewn with the morning and early editions of the evening papers. I entered and found, as I suspected, that every paper was open at the page whereon appeared the story of Miss Caldara's loss. I was convinced then that on board the very same boat as myself was the flawless emerald, and in all probability the thief himself. Of the latter fact I was not at all sure—there was a certain general similarity between the man on the boat and the one who had robbed me of the gem, but I could not quite establish any particular point of resemblance.

During the voyage I saw very little of Norman Vanvoorst, for that was the name of the man whom I believed to have possession of the emerald. He did not seem to care to associate with his fellow-passengers, and either remained in his cabin or sat alone on the deck reading such books of travel as the ship's library afforded. For hours and hours I paced the deck, trying to figure out in my own mind the true mystery of the robbery, and if there was no possible way by which I could regain the stone from my fellow-passenger. It was useless to visit his cabin, for if he were the present possessor of the emerald it was quite certain that he either carried it on his person or had given it to the purser for safekeeping. One thing which led me to the former belief was a peculiarity he had of occasion-

ally feeling for something in his clothes just over his heart, or about where the upper pocket of his waistcoat would be. Often as I watched him sitting in his steamer-chair or walking along the deck I saw his hand steal to the same spot over his heart, and I in time became convinced that it was here that he carried the emerald. The easiest solution of the robbery, so it seemed to me, was that Vanvoorst had heard of the almost priceless jewel at a time when he was in great need of money, that he had gone to the stage-door on that eventful night, and had watched his confederate, who was probably a practiced pickpocket, steal the jewel-box from Miss Caldara and by mistake pass it to me instead of to himself. The error once made, there was nothing to do but follow me to my home and rob me in the masterly fashion which one of them most certainly accomplished. Of one thing I am certain, and that was that long before we reached Gibraltar I had lost all sense of fear for my own part in the robbery, and thought only of revenge and the possibility of getting the emerald from Vanvoorst, and in due time returning it to its rightful owner. But how to accomplish this I could devise no means—to have tried to take the jewel back by main force would have been madness, and I should only have been put in irons for my trouble. But on one point I was quite determined. Wherever Vanvoorst left the boat I should leave too, and follow him as long as my resources lasted.

We remained fellow-passengers until we reached Genoa, when it became necessary for both of us to land, as this was the last stop the boat made. When he sent his luggage to the railroad station, I sent my porter after him, and when he had his trunks registered for Monte Carlo, I sent mine after them. I shall always remember that day, as the train jolted its way along the coast through a perfect garden of tropical plants. The deep blue of the sky, the sea a rainbow of color, and the gray rocks covered with myriads of gorgeous flowers gave me a newborn love of nature, and for the time I forgot that there ever was such a person as Miss Caldara, or such a gem as the flawless emerald, or that Mr. Norman Vanvoorst occupied a compartment in the same car as my own.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Monte Carlo, and I waited on the station platform until I saw Vanvoorst get into the omnibus from the Hôtel de Paris. I followed in a carriage with my luggage, and was soon most comfortably settled in a large bright room overlooking the sea. There was little probability of my man leaving the place that evening, and so I determined to devote the night to my own amusement. After a good dinner I went over to the Casino, a resort which I had long wished to see, and although I understood but little of the games of roulette or trente-et-quarante, I found the scene a most

diverting one. I had been wandering about from table to table for perhaps half an hour, when there was a sudden and to me inexplicable stampede toward one of the rooms at the further end of the building, where the trente-et-quarante tables were situated. I hurried along with the crowd, and as I passed two men, who were evidently English, I heard one of them say to the other: "Hurry up—old Neimeyer is trying to break the bank."

This indeed was good luck for me. I had not only always wanted to see the bank at Monte Carlo broken, but I most certainly wanted to see the man who was going to do it, especially if he were the Neimeyer who had once possessed the flawless emerald. By the time I reached the trente-et-quarante room, the place was crowded to the point of suffocation. It was impossible to make my way through the dense mob surging about the table, so I climbed on one of the velvet lounges and had a fine view of the whole proceeding. Mr. Neimeyer looked about sixty years of age, was short and stout, and quite bald. Of all the immense crowd in the big room he seemed to be the only one who had not gone temporarily mad. He sat at the side of the table, half-way between the croupiers, and as each time he put down the maximum bet of twelve thousand francs and waited for the cards to be dealt, he smiled and chatted pleasantly with the croupiers. When he won, and it seemed as if he could not lose, his little eyes twinkled and he folded up his winnings and stuck the notes deep in his inside pocket. During the few plays I saw him make the excitement in the room was intense, for, as I afterward learned, it is considered a most difficult feat to break the bank at trente-et-quarante. The finish came very quickly and, to the most, unexpectedly. Neimeyer had as usual bet the maximum and as usual won. The chief croupier opened the lid of his brass-bound money-chest, looked into it and then across the table at Neimeyer, smiled pleasantly and nodded his head. Then with one of the croupier's rakes, he rapped on the bell lying in the centre of the table, which was the sign for one of the attendants to bring another chest of money. At the sound of the bell the crowd broke into a loud cheer, and in the general confusion that followed I asked an Englishman standing near who it was who had broken the bank, and he told me it was Neimeyer, the famous antiquity dealer from London. I was glad, for I felt that before I left Monte Carlo I should probably need his services and that he might possibly need mine.

When the room had been closed for the night I followed the crowd out of the Casino, and with many others crossed the road to the café opposite. In that scene of gayety I must admit that I felt most lonely and miserable. I would have given much for the sight of the face of a friend, or even an acquaintance, with

whom I could have had a good-night drink. I sat alone at a table near the wall and listened to the Hungarian band and watched the merry-makers about me. Not twenty feet from me Vanvoorst sat at a table with two very smart-looking women and a man who were evidently old friends. I noticed that they continually glanced up at the Casino clock, and after perhaps half an hour the whole party arose and started in the direction of the railway station. It was evident that Vanvoorst's friends were stopping at Nice or Cannes and had come down to Monte Carlo to dine and spend the evening with him. Now he was going to accompany them to the station and would probably return alone. I paid my check and then followed them at a safe distance through the gardens. I saw them go down the hill, but I remained on a rocky terrace overlooking the sea. I heard the Nice train arrive and depart, and then I retraced my steps to a turn in the path where the garden seemed to be the most isolated and the foliage the thickest. I stood behind some bushes, where the leaves completely hid me from view, and waited for the return of my man. I saw him slowly walking up the path—he was smoking and completely unconscious that he was being watched. As he reached a point opposite the bushes behind which I had been concealed, I stepped out in the middle of the path and confronted him. For a moment there was silence, while I looked him full in the eyes, and he in return regarded me with a look of the most languid interest.

"Well?" he said at last.

"You have," I answered, "in your possession an emerald, the property of Miss Ada Caldara, which you stole or had stolen from me. You are going to give it to me, and you are going to give it to me now."

"That," said Vanvoorst, "is, I regret to say, not the case. I have not got Miss Caldara's emerald about me, and if you crossed the ocean in the hope of regaining it, you have made a serious mistake, for the stone is still in New York. Will you now kindly let me pass or are you going to try to go through my clothes? I should not advise you to try the latter plan, as you would probably be interrupted by a guard, and you possibly know that the laws over here for foreign criminals are most complicated."

"It is possible," I answered, "that you have not the emerald with you at this moment, but when you say it is not in Monte Carlo you lie. There is another here who has a greater interest in that particular jewel than myself, and he is very powerful and very rich, and with his aid I will yet defeat you. On the steamer you carried the emerald in your upper waistcoat pocket over your heart. I know that it is not there now, but it is not far away, and, be sure, I will not lose sight of you until I have recovered it."

I stepped aside, and Vanvoorst sauntered on his way to the hotel. Once again I had been made a fool of and accomplished nothing, except that the man had practically admitted his knowledge of the robbery of the emerald. I returned to my room tired and discouraged, and as I lay in bed I decided that if no device occurred to me on the morrow whereby I could recover the emerald, I should go to Neimeyer, tell him the whole story, and ask for his aid, which, under the circumstances, I did not see how he could well refuse.

The next day I spent in the gambling rooms, for the most part watching Vanvoorst lose at roulette. He played a reckless game, and, as the luck seemed to be all against him, his losses must have been very heavy. After he had lost all the French money he had with him, he took out of his pocketbook some American banknotes and sent an attendant to have them changed into French money. He continued to play with this for some time, but his bad luck would not leave him, and he finally lost his last gold piece. With a gesture of disgust, he left the table and hurried from the room. I had been sitting across the table, and, in order to hold my position, had been making some modest wagers on the game, of which by this time I had picked up a fairly good understanding. As I had been playing in direct opposition to Vanvoorst, I was a good winner, and was loath to quit playing, although I had a presentiment that should have kept me from letting him for a moment out of my sight. I continued to play for perhaps half an hour, when my luck changed, and after losing a part of my winnings I got up from the table and went out of the Casino for a breath of fresh air. Just as I reached the steps I saw Neimeyer some distance off, and walking in the direction of the Galerie Charles III. With no definite purpose, I followed him and saw him enter the Galerie and stroll slowly along, stopping frequently to look into the windows of the little shops. I think it is the third one from the entrance that is occupied by a jeweler, and as I slowly followed Neimeyer I noticed that the window was full of the most beautiful gems and the finest specimens of the goldsmith's art. As I afterward learned, it is a shop most liberally patronized by those who have lost their money at the gaming-tables, and must necessarily sell their jewels or valuables to recoup their de-

pleted fortunes. There were certainly some very remarkable jewels in the window on this occasion, and the prices seemed to be particularly moderate. I glanced over the different articles, and was about to turn away and continue my walk up the Galerie, when my eye fell on a jewel which I at once knew I had seen before. It was the flawless emerald. Like many of the other jewels, it was pinned to a white card on which were written the words "Occasion—12,000 fr." To be sure that there was no mistake, I went into the shop and asked to examine the jewel more closely. I held it up to the light, and it was without a flaw. In addition to this there could be no mistaking the color, the shape, and the cutting. It was evident that Vanvoorst had sold the emerald. At last I had found the jewel I sought, but the price placed it as far beyond my reach as it had ever been. Much as I wanted the stone back, I could not afford twelve thousand francs. I left the shop and walked down to the end of the Galerie, where I found Mr. Neimeyer sitting on the balustrade looking out on that wonderful picture of rocks and sea. My mind was already made up, and I approached the money-lender and introduced myself. He received my advances pleasantly and made a few conventional remarks about the view which lay before us.

"I know, Mr. Neimeyer," I said, "that you are a connoisseur and a recognized authority on the beautiful things of this world, and there is something in the window of a little shop on the Galerie of which I wish to ask your opinion. Could you so far oblige me?"

Mr. Neimeyer smiled his assent, and together we walked to the jeweler's window. "Do you see that emerald?" I asked, and watched closely the expression of his face. "It is flawless," I continued, "and you know that flawless emeralds of that size are exceedingly rare. The price, twelve thousand francs, seems very small?"

The old man showed but a polite interest in the emerald, and his manner, I must confess, annoyed me greatly.

"The fact," he said, "that the price is small has really little bearing on its value. Strictly speaking, this is not a pawnshop, but the owner buys jewels outright from people who need the money very badly and sells them again at what he considers a legitimate profit. I should say it is no doubt an excellent place to find bargains, and this emerald very possibly may be one. Personally, I know nothing of jewels. I am—at least, so they say—an authority on antiquities, but I have never wasted my time over gems any more than I have over ceramics. To understand either of these subjects a man must devote his whole life to it. I hadn't the time, and so when they came in my way I hired an expert to give me their true value."

"Then I am to understand," I said, "that you have never owned a famous flawless emerald?"

The old man regarded me curiously with his beady eyes. "No," he answered, "never. Was that what you wished to know?" he added.

"Thank you, yes," I said, "and I will not trouble you further." I raised my hat, the old man smiled in return, and I turned on my heel and walked slowly up the path. He was either a very truthful old gentleman or a consummate actor, and I chose to believe the latter.

"Twelve thousand francs," I repeated again and again as I walked up the hill. In my pocket I had something over two thousand francs. The English banker's and the Crédit Lyonnais were closed for the day, and even had they been open my letter of credit was hardly equal to the emergency. Half-way to the hotel I stopped and looked up at the yellow walls of the Casino. Through the open windows I could hear the droning voices of the croupiers and the ceaseless chink of the gold and silver pieces. Within, I knew that the tables were covered with them, and in the vaults below were many many millions, and yet I stood there impotent and routed, and only twelve thousand francs between myself and victory.

"Black, black," I said to myself over and over again, as I hurried on to the door of the Casino. I walked to the first roulette table and put my two thousand francs on the black.

"Dix, noir, pair et manque," called the croupier.

I left the money on the table and saw the little marble once more fall into a black pocket. Some one shoved two one-thousand-franc notes toward me and left the remaining six on the color. For one moment I tried to say "Rouge," but my throat was parched and the same voice inside of me kept on whispering "Black, black." "Vingt-six, noir, pair et passe," sang out the croupier. I had played the maximum and won. I gathered up the notes and stuck them deep

into my trousers pocket. "I win! I win!" I said to myself as I hurried out of the Casino and started on a run for the Galerie. For a moment I paused to glance into the window of the jeweler's. The emerald was gone!

"There was," I said on entering, "an emerald in your window."

"Yes," said the woman behind the counter, "we sold it but a few moments since."



WALKING TO THE TABLE I PUT MY MONEY ON THE BLACK

"Of course," I answered, "to a friend of mine, an old man, very short and stout, and with a Jewish face."

The woman nodded and smiled. "It was a great bargain, I think," she said, "but we had a rare opportunity to buy it very cheap."

Once more I climbed the hill, but I did not stop to listen at the open windows of the Casino. I went to my room in the hotel and threw myself on the bed. I was tired and discouraged, and decided to take my leave on the morrow—never again did I want to see Monte Carlo or Vanvoorst or Neimeyer. To be sure, the latter had but come into his own, and I should have been satisfied, but a pain about my heart told me that it was not as I would have had it. In all my dealings with the flawless emerald it appeared, after all, that my interest had been solely inspired by a desire to in some way assist Miss Caldara. And now I was defeated in my hunt, and she would never know how very hard I had toiled on her behalf, and the smile and the word of thanks with which I had hoped to be rewarded were never to be mine.

By the next morning I had decided to take the first train for Genoa and from there to start on a short tour of Italy. I packed my trunk, paid my bill at the hotel, and started for the station. Arriving there, I discovered that there had been an accident on the road, and that my train would be at least an hour late. I left my luggage at the station and walked up the hill to have one more look at the gaming tables, although I was determined not to give back any of my winnings. I left my hat and overcoat at the cloak-room and stopped for a moment to speak to the flower-girl, who had smilingly offered me a boutonniere. I turned my head, and at my right saw Neimeyer waiting to give his things to the attendant. From his inside pocket he took a fat-looking pocketbook, and, having extracted all the banknotes it contained, stuck it back in his overcoat pocket and handed the latter to one of the girls who was taking care of the wraps. As she gave him the brass coat-check, I heard her say in French, "Thirty-four, a lucky number. I wish you success with it." Neimeyer smiled and bustled on toward the gambling-rooms. I was quite sure that he did not have the emerald with him, and having considered the matter the evening previous, I was equally sure that it was deposited in the safe in the hotel office, as it was hardly possible that he would leave so valuable an article in his room. If the emerald was in the safe at the hotel, then the receipt in all probability was in the big pocketbook. In any case, it seemed worth the chance; so I went into the room and found the money-lender playing his usually heavy game at trente-et-quarante. I returned to the cloak-room, and, carefully picking out one of the attendants who had not waited on Neimeyer, made a great pretence of looking for my hat-check.

"It was number thirty-four," I said, "but I seem to have lost it."

The woman smiled politely, but without apparent interest in my loss. I took out a five-franc piece and said that I was very considerably pressed for time. Again the woman smiled politely and said that I had probably left it on the table where I had been playing. I took a louis out of my pocket and said that if she could let me have my things it would be a great convenience.

"It is very irregular," she said, as she handed me Neimeyer's coat and hat, "and if you find the check I hope you will return it."

I think I said that I would, but did not waste very much time in formalities. Once out of the Casino, I hurriedly looked through Neimeyer's papers, and among the first I discovered was the receipt for a package left at the hotel. I held the paper in my hand and walked hurriedly up to the clerk at the hotel desk.

"Mr. Neimeyer," I said, "is having a rather bad run



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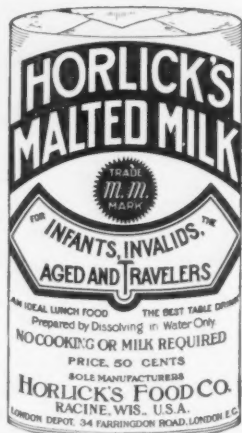
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of luck at the rooms and sent me over for this package," and I gave the clerk the receipt. He was apparently used to such hurry calls for money and suspected nothing. My only fear was that the package might look as if it did not contain banknotes, but the sight of a long white envelope relieved me of all my fears. I left the hotel on a run for the Casino, but once outside, I stopped to tear open the envelope. It contained only a plain white jeweler's box, and in the box lay the emerald. I returned to the Casino, deposited Neimeyer's hat and coat with the pocketbook in the pocket in which I had originally found it. Then I went upstairs to the writing-room, put twelve thousand francs in an envelope, addressed it to Neimeyer at the Hotel de Paris, stamped and mailed it, and, having taken out my own hat and coat, walked down to the station and waited for the train. I believe I actually did not have to walk up and down the platform of that railway station for over fifteen minutes, but it seemed to me an eternity. Even when once started, I knew that there was an excellent opportunity of my being stopped, and I also knew that in the next hour I should have crossed the boundary line of three countries, and that the authorities of Monaco did not care to mix in international legal complications where it could possibly be avoided. My greatest fear of detection was at Genoa, and so I remained in my compartment and was carried on to Pisa.

From Pisa I hurried on the same night to Leghorn, where, as I had hoped, I found a vessel belonging to one of the smaller steamship lines about to start for New York. I might have taken a chance and remained in the country, but I can not say that my mind was much attuned to sight-seeing, and so I left Italy a fugitive from justice just as a few weeks before I had left my own country. Whatever had happened in America since my departure in regard to the robbery of the emerald I did not know or care. Now I was in a position to make full reparation for a crime I had never committed, and, with the flawless emerald stuck deep down in my inside pocket, I feared nothing.

My return voyage to America was long and unpleasant, but, once back in my old rooms in New York, my first act was to write Miss Caldara a note asking for an interview which I assured her would be of great mutual benefit. The next morning I received my answer; and that same afternoon I found myself most comfortably ensconced in a deep chair in Miss Caldara's Louis Quinze drawing-room and ready to tell my story of the lost emerald. Indeed, I could not have wished it otherwise; the white and gold room was filled with great masses of flowers and plants, and the whole place was aglow with the orange light of the setting sun. Miss Caldara and I sat on opposite sides of a cozy little tea-table, and the fact that she told the maid that she was at home to no one did not at all detract from my happiness.

"You have come, no doubt," began Miss Caldara, "to tell me of all your troubles in connection with that awful emerald."

"I have," I answered, "but I was not aware that you knew of my connection with the affair."

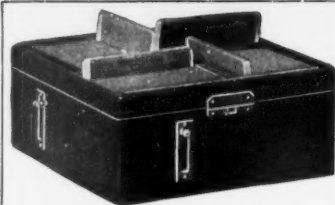
The actress smiled most pleasantly upon me. "I know, I fear," she said, "much more than you suspect, and if you will permit me I will claim a woman's privilege and tell my story first."

"I should be delighted," I said, and sank deeper down in my chair with a feeling of real relief that I had not yet told her that at that very moment I had the emerald in my inside pocket.

"Not so very long ago," began Miss Caldara, "it really seems but yesterday, I was given a very handsome emerald."

I smiled and made some remark to the effect that I was not wholly ignorant of its existence.

"A short time after I had received the gift," continued Miss Caldara, "I had a little supper party here in my rooms to which I had invited Mr. Arthur Kellard, Mr. Norman Vanvoorst, both of whom I believe you know, and a Mr. Scott, whom I do not think you have ever met. Mr. Vanvoorst is really a very remarkable young man. He comes of a very old family and most unfortunately inherited a great deal of money. Had such not been the case it is quite certain that he would have made an enviable career for himself in any profession which he chose to adopt. As it is, he has devoted his life to jennes files, dances, and dinner parties, with occasional relapses of tiger-hunting in India, and more or less successful attempts to break automobile records on circular tracks. He is absolutely without fear, and is constantly trying to find a new sensation; he is the best of talkers, and in an argument insists on taking the wrong side and always forming himself into the opposition. On the occasion of the little supper party which I mentioned, the subject of my recently acquired emerald and my other jewels came up for discussion. I contended that we should not really be allowed the responsibility of owning such valuable jewels, as for the most part women were extremely careless, and the only wonder to me was that the robbery of valuable gems was so very rare. Of course, Vanvoorst took the opposite side and claimed that women were not at all careless, and that the whole method of life of a woman rich enough to own valuable jewels was a complete fortification against robbers. 'Everything,' he said, 'to-day is for the rich people and against the poor burglar—the private bank vaults, the safe at home, the private detective in the theatre and at all the large functions, and the maid with a pedigree of references a yard long form a network around my lady's



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"At last a doctor to whom he applied said he believed my brother was coffee poisoned and advised him to quit coffee and drink Postum. He gave him no medicine but told him to give Postum fair trial and return to him in 6 weeks. My brother had used Postum only about ten days when the festers disappeared from his tongue and at the end of two weeks the soreness and swelling were gone and he began to pick up in flesh and spirits.

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jewels which makes them about as safe as
if they were still undug from the rocks
in which they were formed. All one has to
do to prove my point is to look over the
police records—there is hardly a case of the
successful robbery of valuable jewels. And
it is for this that I have lost all patience
with the professional burglar. He spends
all of his time scheming to steal only the
most valuable jewels or trying to break into
a bank, and he generally gets a long sen-
tence for his pains when he might have
devoted the same time to robbing the fairly
well-to-do class, made a comfortable living,
and without any particular danger of ar-
rest. The middle classes know that the
burglar cares really only for the very rich,
and as a consequence they are absolutely
unprepared for any attack on such goods
as they may possess. For instance, I can
not conceive of any possible way of de-
priving you of your emerald, but granted
that it has passed into the hands of any one
who is not accustomed to the possession of
articles of value, and I will guarantee to
deprive him of it within an hour from the
time he first laid hands on it.

"A general argument followed, and the
two men took sides with Mr. Vanvoorst
against me. To make a long story short,
the talk resulted in a wager in which I bet
Mr. Vanvoorst he could not willingly get
back my emerald in an hour from the time
it had come into another's possession. Of
course the great difficulty was to select the
person to give it to. We discussed many
young men of our acquaintance, and had
about decided on a clerk in Mr. Kellard's
office when the latter suddenly thought of
yourself, whom he seems to have known
fairly well in a business way, and you were
selected for the victim."

By this time I had recovered my com-
posure, and I found sufficient voice to ask
Miss Caldara some leading, but as I
thought pertinent, questions.
"And then as I understand it," I said,
"I was decoyed to the club to listen to the
story of the flawless emerald with the sole
object of slipping me the jewel at the stage-
door."

Miss Caldara smiled sympathetically.
"Rather ingenious of Vanvoorst, was it
not?" she said.

"And it was he who later robbed me?"
I asked.

"Quite so," answered the actress. "You
see, he found out that the apartment over
your own was not occupied, so he got the
keys from the agent on the pretence that
he wanted to show them to a friend late in
the evening, and on the promise of return-
ing them the following morning. After he
had slipped the emerald into your pocket at
the stage-door he took an automobile to
your house, let himself into the vacant apart-
ment and came down to your rooms by way
of the fire-escape. It was really quite a vi-
vindication of his theory, wasn't it?" Miss
Caldara smiled sweetly.

"It was," I said, "and I hope he won his
wager. He even had the documentary evi-
dence to prove his victory."

"Oh, yes," answered Miss Caldara; "but
owing to your delay in reaching your apart-
ment that night it was a question if he
really stole the jewel within the stipulated
time. When, however, he had returned to
my place after having relieved you of the
stone, and we had all thoroughly gone over
the terms of the wager, it turned out that
in any case I had lost on a simple techni-
cality."

"You interest me greatly," I said, some-
what facetiously.

"You see," ran on Miss Caldara, "by the
terms of the agreement, I was to give him
the emerald immediately after I left the
stage that night, so that he could pass it on
to you, but just before starting for the
theatre I weakened, left the real emerald
at home and took only the imitation in its
place."

"The imitation?" I gasped.
"Yes," replied Miss Caldara. "You know
that nearly every actress has exact imita-
tions made of her jewels to wear on every-
day, or, I should say, every-night, occa-
sions."

"Then the jewel which was stolen from
me that night," I asked, "was not the
famous flawless emerald which young Nei-
meyer had given you?"

"It was a fine, flawless piece of green
glass," said the actress, smiling; "and
young Neimeyer never gave me anything.
In fact, I never met the gentleman. That
was an additional and, at least it seemed to
me, unnecessary fiction on the part of Mr.
Vanvoorst to assure your going to the the-
atre."

"Then if I understand you aright," I said,
"you really did once own some sort of an
emerald which somebody gave you, and that
both it and its imitation were in your pos-
session after your robber friend Vanvoorst
had returned here that night with the imita-
tion stone which he took from me."

"Of course," said Miss Caldara. "Very
lucky for me, wasn't it?"

"Very," I answered. "And have you got
them yet?"

"Certainly," said the actress. "The origi-
nal is in my vault at the bank and the imita-
tion is in the next room." Miss Caldara
smiled in very joy of her possessions, and
my fingers unconsciously stole to the pack-
age in my pocket containing the emerald I
had stolen from old Neimeyer.

"But why," I said, "did your friend Van-
voorst go abroad immediately after the rob-
bery?"

"That was quite natural," answered the
actress. "He had decided to sail on that
date some time previous to the night we
made the wager, and we fixed the date of
the robbery to suit the sailing. I suppose
you thought it was just the other way. I

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got a letter from Vanvoorst last week, and he told me that he had had the pleasure of meeting you in the Casino gardens at Monte Carlo. He also told me to be sure to tell you, in case I should meet you, that he has had the silver suspender-buckle fixed which gave you both so much uneasiness. It seems the points of the clasp were constantly sticking into him just over his heart and under his upper waistcoat pocket. I wonder if I have delivered the message properly? Perhaps I had better show you his letter."

"Please don't disturb yourself," I begged. "I am sure you have delivered the message perfectly."

"That's good," said Miss Caldara; "and now I am going to have another cup of tea, and you can tell me your story."

I sat for some moments looking across the little table at a beautiful face crowned by great masses of golden hair. For a brief space I closed my eyes, and with the incredible swiftness of dreams my thoughts went back to that senseless voyage to Italy, and the heavy-scented flowers in the room seemed to recall to me those unhappy days at Monte Carlo. How I hated it all! And yet how different it all might be—to go back to those gardens, not in search of a flawless emerald, but just for rest, with the full spirit of content—to go back, not alone, but with one so beautiful as—"Well?" said Miss Caldara. The maid had left the room; we were alone again.

"My story," I said, "seems to begin about where yours left off. It is even then quite a long story, and I fear it is near the time for you to go to the theatre. I think we had better postpone it until another day, and when, perhaps, I know you a little better. I should like very much, however, before I go, to see your emerald."

Miss Caldara went into another room and brought back a leather case. From it she took a jewel and handed it to me.

"This is only the imitation," she said; "the real one, unfortunately, is at the bank. Do you recognize it? You should, for it was once yours for a whole hour."

I took from my pocket the emerald I had brought from Monte Carlo, and laid the two stones side by side on Miss Caldara's writing-table. In size and in the cutting they were almost identical, the only variance being in the mounting of the gold clasp at the back, and even in this there was but little difference.

"You must know a great deal about gems," I said. "What do you think of this one?"

The actress looked at it curiously for some time and then held it up to the light. "It's quite flawless," she said. "They make the imitations so well nowadays that only an expert can distinguish the good from the bad; at least I know I can not tell the difference. This may be worth a great fortune, and it may be a piece of glass. It is certainly one or the other—any jeweler can tell you."

"Whatever it is," I said, "I traveled a long way to get it, and the only thought I ever had was to bring it back to you."

Miss Caldara looked up at me and smiled, and in answer shook her head.

"You are very good," she said, "but some day there will be a girl who will have a right to it, and then you might be sorry that you had given it to me. I hope that it is really a flawless emerald, and that she will be worthy of it."

And so the stone lies to-day in a drawer in the room in which I was once so ignominiously robbed, and I fear, will continue to lie there unless some one should again choose to visit me by way of the fire-escape.

Whether it is worth a fortune, or whether it is a piece of green glass, I really do not know, for I have never shown it to any one. I often, however, take it out and look at it late at night and when I am alone.

I value it greatly, not for its possible intrinsic worth, but because I regard it as the stepping-stone to my present greatest possession—the true friendship of Miss Ada Caldara.

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Football in the Middle West

(Continued from Page 17)

any of these men were injured, there are Davies of Minnesota, Graver of Michigan, Schnur of Chicago, and Colton of Northwestern, all good men, and clever, but no one of them able to quite supplant any one of the three above named.

Play in the Middle West

THE results of Western football this season have left Michigan and Minnesota practically tied for first place. Neither of them has been defeated, and they have met, only to play each other to a tie at 6 to 6. Furthermore, each decisively defeated Wisconsin's team, and Michigan, in her final contest on Thanksgiving Day, literally ran all around Chicago. Chicago, in spite of the overwhelming defeat on Thanksgiving Day, secures third place, in that they defeated Wisconsin decisively. Northwestern, under McCormack, came up very notably, and until they faced the Carlisle Indians, had not been beaten. This game, of course, should not affect their standing in the Middle West. It was nevertheless a bad shock to those who had seen Northwestern's defence hold out strong Western teams, and had therefore counted upon a different result. Illinois went downhill pretty fast. Notre Dame, however, came up and showed some fine work.



Irsfield—Half

And just here it is proper for the sake of the many football enthusiasts throughout the country, and especially those in the East who have not had an opportunity of seeing some of these Middle Western teams play to comment some what upon the quality of game put up by Michigan under Coach Yost. This team this year is playing practically the same defence as that used by Yale and Princeton, namely, three men in the secondary line. Last year against tackle-back formation they played two men in the secondary line and threw the third man up on the opponent's strong side. The only team to meet them with a similar arrangement and with as much strength was Minnesota, and the defensive work of both these teams differed slightly from that used in the big game in the East.



Maddock—Tackle

On the offence the most noticeable feature was their very clean execution of plays. They played quite as fast as that phenomenal team of Yale's 1902 when driven at its highest pace by Rockwell, and the variety of their plays was somewhat greater, particularly in their attack in the neighborhood of the tackle position both inside and outside. They dropped men into the back field and sent men from the back field up into the line, thus practically working a wing shift with great speed. As there were occasions when the men going into the line were still in motion when the ball was snapped, Eastern officials would probably have called the play down at times. But in the main it was worked well. Their attack in the middle of the line was not as powerful as the assault on tackles, and seemed to be used more as a blind and to vary the play.



Redden—End

The team evidently felt a weakness in the punting department because they took no advantage of the wind, which was very strong and with them, but held to their running game, even in their own territory. The goal-kicking performed by Hammond was first-class, as was his kicking from placement behind the scrimmage. Yost's work on them as coach stood out in every move. There was no talking, but a strict attention to business, a fierce determination in play, and a military precision in the way the men reached their places. For the first ten minutes they went faster than any Eastern team has done this season. Thereafter their pace was about the same as that of a first-class Eastern aggregation.



Heston—Half

The officials in the Western games were prompt in their rulings, and handled the contests in good shape. The players manifested perfect confidence in them and that ready acquiescence which goes with such confidence.



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New York, 416-424 West 13th Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.; and The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.

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Vol. XXXII No. 12

10 Cents per Copy

\$5.20 per Year

New York, Saturday, December 19, 1903

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The Lion's Mouth—December Contest

The twenty prizes, aggregating \$329.00, for the December Lion's Mouth contest will be awarded to those contestants submitting the **best list of suggestions for signed articles of special interest.** The articles suggested may be in a series or wholly unrelated. Answers must reach this office, addressed to The Lion's Mouth, not later than January 5, 1904.

Due to the pressure of holiday business the announcement of the winners of the Lion's Mouth contest for October is necessarily postponed and will be made next week.

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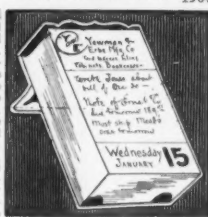
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